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PREFACE.

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The design of the series of volumes, entitled Marco Paul's Adventures in the Pursuit of Knowledge, is not merely to entertain the reader with a narrative of juvenile adventures, but also to communicate, in connection with them, as extensive and varied information as possible, in respect to the geography, the scenery, the customs and the institutions of this country, as they present themselves to the observation of the little traveler, who makes his excursions under the guidance of an intelligent and well-informed companion, qualified to assist him in the acquisition of knowledge and in the formation of character. The author has endeavored to enliven his narrative, and to infuse into it elements of a salutary moral influence, by means of personal incidents befalling the actors in the story. These incidents are, of course, imaginary—

but the reader may rely upon the strict and exact truth and fidelity of all the descriptions of places, institutions and scenes, which are brought before his mind in the progress of the narrative. Thus, though the author hopes that the readers who may honor these volumes with their perusal, will be amused and interested by them, his design throughout will be to instruct rather than to entertain.

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ORDER OF THE VOLUMES.

Marco Paul,

I.—IN NEW YORK.

II.—ON THE ERIE CANAL.

III.—IN MAINE.

IV.—IN VERMONT.

V.—IN BOSTON.

VI.—AT THE SPRINGFIELD ARMORY.

PRINCIPAL PERSONS.

Mr. Baron, a merchant of New York.
Marco, his son, a boy about twelve years old.
John Forester, Marco's cousin, about nineteen years old

Marco is traveling and studying under Forester's care.

MARCO PAUL IN NEW YORK.

Chapter I.

The Check.

Nassau-street. The jam. Obstructions.

ONE morning in August, about fifteen years ago, a young man, named John Forester, was walking upon the sidewalk of a certain street in New York, called Nassau-street. There were many people coming and going upon the sidewalk, and the street was almost filled with carts, drays, and wagons. These vehicles increased in number, until Forester perceived that what is called a jam was formed a short distance before him, and the carts had to stop until a passage was cleared.

Forester was himself stopped, too, by a great square pile of bricks, which had been heaped up upon the sidewalk, in front of a store which workmen were rebuilding. There was a high fence, which extended nearly to the middle of the sidewalk, inclosing the space that the work-

The hack and the traveler. The bundle of sticks.

men wished to occupy, and outside of this was the great pile of bricks. Some Irishmen were at work with hods, carrying the bricks in through a rough door which led within the inclosure. Thus Forester was prevented from going along the sidewalk any farther, and the jam of wagons and drays in the street prevented his crossing over to the other side.

He waited a few minutes for the passage to be cleared. Some of the carmen vociferated to each other in loud and angry tones; others stood still, waiting patiently and quietly till the opening should be made. Forester thought that these last were the wisest. There was a hack in the jam, with a gentleman in it, and a great black trunk upon the seat with the driver. The gentleman was going to the steamboat, and he was afraid that he should be too late. However, there was nothing to be done, but to wait till the carts moved along a little, one by one, and cleared a passage.

Near Forester stood two girls, one quite small, dressed in tattered clothes, and without any bonnets. They had been picking up chips and sticks around the building, to carry home for firewood. They had got a large bundle of sticks, and the largest girl had it upon her

back. There was a strong twine string tied around it. The string passed over the girl's shoulder, and she held it in front. The girls were waiting for the crowd to pass away, so that they could go home too.

"Put it down, Mary," said the little girl; "it is too heavy to hold so long."

"No," said Mary; "I can't get it up again, if I put it down." So saying, she leaned over forward, in order to let the weight of the burden come more directly upon her back, while her sister looked anxiously into the street, wishing that the carts would move away.

"Mother will be glad we have got so many, won't she?" said the little girl.

By this time the jam had been broken, and a stream of carriages and carts was passing one way and the other, and in a few minutes the road was so far cleared that Forester thought he could get across; and as he pitied the poor girl who had such a load to carry, he spoke to her, saying, that if she would follow him she would get across the street in safety. The girls accordingly followed Forester, and they all reached the opposite sidewalk without difficulty, though they had to pass close before the heads of a pair of horses, which were coming

along so fast that they had to go quick to avoid being run over. As soon as they reached the sidewalk, the girl walked on with her burden, her little sister skipping lightly by her side. Forester, as he was going in the same direction, walked after them.

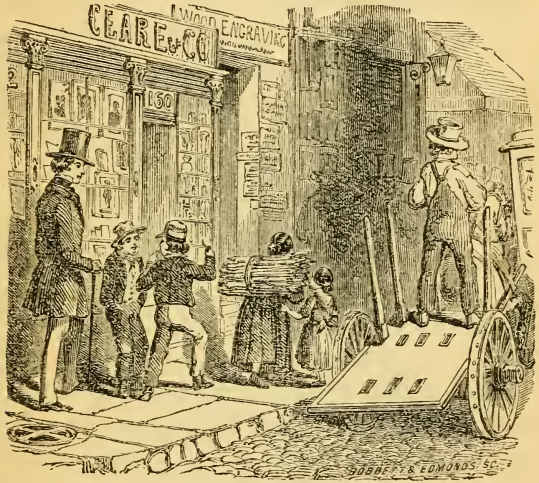
As Forester was standing upon the sidewalk, he observed that there was a round hole in the flagging near him, covered with a sort of grating of iron. He did not know what it was. It was, in fact, an opening into a coal cellar belonging to one of the stores.

Forester's attention was next arrested by a cart which had stopped in the street very near the sidewalk where he was standing. The New York carts are of a peculiar structure. Forester had never seen one before. It was much smaller than the long trucks used in Boston, and it had but one horse. The carman was standing upon the cart. There were three stakes: they were made square at the bottom, to fit into certain square holes in the floor of the cart. There were several of those holes.

Presently two boys came across the street, and stepped upon the sidewalk, between Forester and the girls. Forester did not notice them particularly, until he observed that they

A roguish boy. Forester. Distress of the girls.

were pointing at the girls and laughing at them. Immediately one of the boys took out a knife from his pocket, saying at the same time to the other, "Hush! don't say a word."



THE LOAD OF STICKS.

He ran forward as he said this, opening his knife as he advanced, and when he got close behind the girl who had the bundle of sticks upon her back, he drew the edge of his knife across the string and cut it. This caused the whole bundle to fall to pieces, and all the sticks

came down in confusion upon the sidewalk. The girl turned round suddenly, with an expression of terror and astonishment upon her countenance, and the boys ran down another street and went off laughing.

Forester glanced his eye at the boys as they ran away. One of them looked back over his shoulder as he ran, so that Forester saw his face. He was a fine-looking boy, with an open and expressive countenance.

"What a pity it is," said Forester to himself, "that such a handsome boy should be malicious." But his farther reflections on the subject were arrested by the distress of the girls. The little one began to cry. The other began to gather up her sticks again in silence.

"Don't cry, Liddy," said she. "I can tie them up again: only," she continued, after a few minutes, "my string is not long enough now."

Forester stopped before the girls, and speaking to the youngest one, he said,

"Is your name Liddy?"

"Yes, sir," replied Liddy.

"Well, take these two cents into the grocery there, and buy two cents' worth of good strong string."

Both Liddy and her sister looked at Forester

with astonishment. Liddy did not take the money.

"Yes, Liddy," said the oldest girl, "take the money if the gentleman gives it to us."

So Liddy took the money and ran into the grocery. Forester said as she went away,

"If two cents won't buy a string long enough, come to me and I will give you another cent."

THE GROCER'S.

While this conversation had been going on, many persons had passed by them, upon the sidewalk, though nobody stopped to take any notice of them. In a moment little Liddy returned, with quite a long piece of strong

twine in one hand and one of the cents in the other. She handed it back to Forester, saying,

"One cent was enough, sir."

"Very well, you may keep the other, and buy something with it for yourself and your sister." And so saying, Forester walked on, thinking to himself that he never knew before that so much relief and happiness could be procured by the expenditure of two cents. He passed from Nassau-street into Wall-street, which was lined on both sides with magnificent buildings, occupied by banks and moneyed institutions of all kinds. In the windows of the brokers' offices he saw heaps of bank notes, of dollars, and of doubloons; and young clerks were walking along the sidewalk, with little trunks full of money, which they were carrying to the banks where the money was to be deposited; and there were a great many merchants in the insurance offices and on 'change, making bargains, which involved the transfer of vast sums. Yet Forester doubted, whether, among all the great financial transactions which would be concluded in Wall-street that day, there would be a single operation more successful in its *character*, than his investment of his two cents,—though he did not doubt that

Pearl-street.	Baron & Co.	The counting-room.

there would be several which would exceed it in *amount*.

Forester went down Wall-street into Pearl-street, and immediately began to look at the numbers and at the signs placed over the doors of the great warehouses there. At last he went in at a door which had the words "BARON & Co." over the door. He passed through a spacious room, with boxes and bales of merchandise piled up upon the floor, and entered into a large counting-room in the rear, which had glass windows in the partitions around it. Here were several clerks, writing at high desks. He asked for Mr. Baron. One of the clerks showed him into another small room, adjoining. This room was carpeted and handsomely furnished, and it had a large mahogany table in the middle of it, with several arm-chairs near the table. Mr. Baron was seated at the table, busy with some papers. There was another gentleman with him. When he saw Forester come in, he looked up from his work, and said,

"Ah! John, I am glad to see you. Take a seat a few minutes."

He pointed to one of the arm-chairs as he said this, and Forester took a seat. Mr. Baron

and the other gentleman went on with their conversation, and presently another man came in, and then another, and another. Some only spoke a few words to Mr. Baron, and then went out. Others remained longer, and it was some time before Mr. Baron was at leisure. At length, however, he was left alone with Forester, and he turned to him and said,

"Well, John, you have come on then to take charge of Marco?"

"Yes, sir," said Forester.

Mr. Baron had written to Forester, to say that he wished him to take his son Marco under his charge for a year or two, to superintend his education. Forester had accepted the proposal, and had now come to New York to conclude the arrangements.

"Our physician tells us," said Mr. Baron, "that Marco must not be sent to school; there are some symptoms of disease showing themselves, which would render it unsafe to put him under any rigid system of study and instruction. He might study, perhaps, a little, but it is necessary to have him under the charge of some one who can exercise proper discretion in this respect; and he must learn as much as he can by traveling and observation, and by the

conversation of his instructor. Now," continued Mr. Baron, "I wish you to take charge of him, while you are pursuing your professional studies. You may take him where you please, and direct his studies just as you think best. We have entire confidence that you will do the best that can be done."

Mr. Baron and Forester then had some conversation in respect to the nature of the symptoms which the physician had observed, and the precautions which it was necessary to take, and the dangers against which he would have to guard. This conversation was at length interrupted by a clerk, who came in with two letters for Mr. Baron to read and sign. The letters were short, and Mr. Baron, after running his eye over them, signed them, and gave them to the clerk again. He apologized to Forester for so many interruptions, saying it was packet day, and he was consequently very busy. He meant by that, that it was the day on which the regular packet sailed for Liverpool, and he was busy making up his correspondence and his remittances. However, he explained more fully his views in regard to his son, saying, finally, that he wished Forester to take the boy entirely under his charge, and

pursue just such a course with him as he thought best.

"We have entire confidence in you, John," said he. "You may travel with him where you think best, and do what you please. When you get out of funds, let me know,—and send me in an account once a quarter."

"When do you wish him to go?" asked Forester.

"To-morrow," said Mr. Baron, "if you please. This city is no place for the boy, and I don't desire him to stay here another day. He can not go to school, and so he is about the streets, in mischief, for aught I know, half the time. His mother is very anxious about him, —but she can not keep him at home, because he is a noisy and troublesome boy in the house. But you will come and dine with us to-day, and then we will talk about this business."

"Yes, sir, I will," said Forester.

"Half-past three," said Mr. Baron. "And I'll give you a memorandum of the number of my house. I suppose you are not much acquainted in New York. We have moved since you were here before."

So Mr. Baron wrote a memorandum of the street and number, where he lived, and handed

it to Forester; and as Forester was putting the paper into his wallet, Mr. Baron said to him again,

"And, if you will wait one moment, I will give you a check for some funds, as you may want to set off to-morrow before bank hours."

"James!" said Mr. Baron, calling to a clerk in the other room. The door was open, and James heard the call, and came in.

"Fill a check for three hundred dollars."

James went to his desk and presently returned with a narrow slip of paper, with some printing and some writing upon it. Mr. Baron signed it, and handed it to his nephew.

"Do you know where the Bank of America is?"

"I can find it, sir," said Forester.

So Forester put the check in his pocket-book, bade his uncle good-bye, and went away. As he was walking up the street, he opened his check to read it. It must be understood that the merchants in New York do not keep their money themselves in their own stores, but they all keep it in some bank or other. Each merchant chooses such a bank as he prefers. All the money that he gets he sends to his bank, and the bank officers keep it for him. The

banks have little rooms, built of stone, very strong, with great iron doors, and enormous locks upon them, where they can keep money very safely. When the merchants want any of their money again, they write upon a paper a request that the bank will pay it. Such a request that the bank will pay back some of the money which the merchant has deposited there, is called a check. Mr. Baron kept his money in the Bank of America, and this check was a request that the Bank of America would pay the man that carried them the check, three hundred dollars.

Forester saw that there was printed across the top of the check the words, in capitals,

BANK OF AMERICA.

Then below, he read, partly in printed and partly in written letters, "Pay the bearer, on demand, three hundred dollars;" and below this was signed Mr. Baron's name.

By the "bearer" is meant the person who carries, or bears the check to the bank, whoever it may be. "On demand," means whenever he calls for it So that the meaning of the check is,

Bank of America: I wish you to pay to the

The bank counter. Forester draws the money.

person who brings you this paper, three hundred dollars whenever he asks for it.

Forester carried his check to the Bank of America, and laid it down upon the counter. There were a great many other persons going and coming, in and out of the bank. Some were bringing in money, and some were taking it away. Forester laid his check down upon the counter, and the officer of the bank opened a great drawer, which had many divisions in it, and took out three one hundred dollar bills. Forester asked him if he would let him have one hundred dollars of the amount in small bills, as he wanted it for traveling; and the officer did so. He took back one of the large bills and put it into the drawer again; and then, out of another of the divisions of the drawer, he took out a parcel of bills, and counted out five *tens*, and then from another division still he took another parcel and counted out ten *fives*. Forester put all the money in his pocket-book, and went away.

Two hours afterward, when it was about three o'clock, he got into an omnibus in Broadway, and rode two miles up town to Mr. Baron's house to dine; as will be more particularly described in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE OMNIBUS.

AT three o'clock, which was half an hour before the hour of dinner at Mr. Baron's, Forester went into Broadway, and began to look for an omnibus which was going to that part of the city where Mr. Baron lived. Broadway was full of coaches, carriages, omnibuses, and cabs, some drawn by four horses, some by two, and some by one. The sidewalks, too, which were very broad, were filled with ladies and gentlemen, walking up and down, some sauntering slowly, as if at leisure; some hurrying along with anxious looks, and others standing upon the edge of the sidewalk, waiting for the approach of the omnibus that they wanted, or for an opportunity to cross the street through some momentary interval in the stream of carriages.

Presently Forester made a signal to the driver of an omnibus which was coming along, and the driver came up to the sidewalk where he was standing. The omnibus was a square

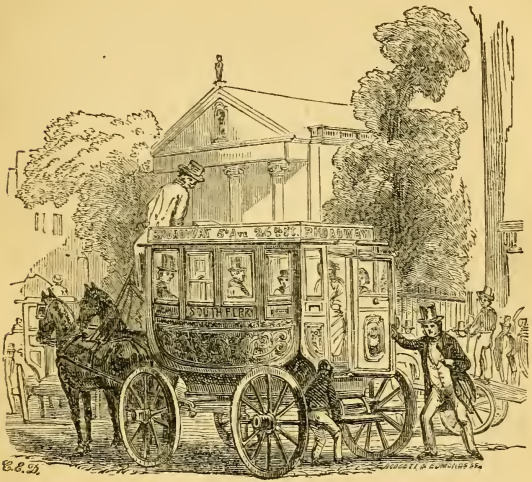
People in the omnibus. Forester's seat.

sort of carriage, with a door and steps behind. It was painted of gay colors, and it had a row of windows on each side, and the name of the part of the city where it was going was painted in capitals in a line along the upper edge, above the windows. Forester got in at the door behind and took his seat. There were two seats which passed up and down the carriage at the sides, so that those who sat upon them would face each other. There was a woman in the omnibus, with a parcel in her lap, containing something which she had been buying at the shops. She had two boys with her, who sat one on each side of her. Forester passed by them, and took his seat at the head of the omnibus, in one corner. There were two small windows in the front of the omnibus, one on each side; and Forester could look out of the one which was opposite to his seat, and see very far up Broadway, in the direction in which they were going. The street was very wide and perfectly straight, and was filled with vehicles and passengers of every kind, as far as he could see, which was one or two miles.

Forester sat for some time in his corner watching the ever-varying prospect before him, fanned all the time by the gentle summer breeze

which came in at the window, when suddenly, as he happened to look toward the door of the omnibus, he saw a handsome-looking boy running behind, and just in the act of catching hold of the small brass hand-rail on one side of the omnibus steps, made for persons to take hold of to help themselves in getting into the omnibus. The boy jumped up on the steps, peeping up at the same time at the driver, as if he was afraid the driver would see him. Forester was convinced, by his appearance, that he had got on for the purpose of stealing a ride. The boy remained standing upon the steps, steadying himself by keeping hold of the hand-rail. A few minutes after this, the omnibus stopped to take in another passenger; and then the boy, with a dexterity which implied that he was well accustomed to such manœuvres, jumped off and walked along behind with an unconcerned and indifferent air. As soon, however, as the new passenger was in his seat and the horses began to move forward, he ran and leaped upon the steps again, watching the driver all the time through a round hole in the front of the omnibus, which had been made for the passengers to put their money through, to pay for their rides.

The boy recognized.



THE OMNIBUS.

Forester thought that the countenance of this boy was not altogether new to him, and soon he recollected that this was the very boy that he had noticed in Nassau-street, as the one who had cut the string of the poor girl's bundle of wood. Forester immediately made up his mind that he must be a very bad boy, and he had a great mind to tell the driver about his stealing a ride.

While such thoughts were passing through his mind, the woman whom he found in the

Pulling the string. The omnibus stopped. Tickets.

omnibus when he first got in, reached up her hand to a leather string, which passed along the top of the omnibus, and pulled it. The string was secured at one end to a fixed point over the omnibus door, and passing along overhead, supported at intervals by little brass staples, it went out in front, and was fastened at the other end to a little pedal, on which one of the driver's feet rested,—so that by pulling the string, a signal was made to the driver to stop; and as the string extended through the whole length of the omnibus, it was convenient for any persons to pull it, wherever they might be seated,—for some part of the string was, of course, opposite to them.

The driver stopped as soon as he perceived the pressure of the pedal against his foot, and the woman was going to pass her money to him up through the round hole made for the purpose. As, however, it was too far for her to reach, Forester took her money and passed it up for her into the driver's hand, which was held all ready to receive it. The driver gave back two little red tickets with something printed upon them. When a passenger in an omnibus gives a piece of money which is too much to pay for the ride, the driver gives back sometimes the

change, and sometimes some tickets, which he will take again to pay for rides on future days, and so they are just as good to the passengers as money.

Now it happened that when the woman got out from the omnibus, after receiving her tickets, that, in her hurry to get her children safe from the omnibus to the sidewalk, she dropped one of her tickets. It fell upon the flat stone pavement of the sidewalk, just within the curb-stone which forms the edge of it. No one in the omnibus saw this except Forester, who was seated at the upper corner, and was at this time partly turned, so as to bring his back somewhat toward the driver, and his face toward the door of the omnibus,—and through the door, or one of the windows, he saw the ticket fall, and the woman and children walking on without it. The omnibus had, in the mean time, set out again, and the horses were rapidly trotting away up the street, so that Forester could do nothing in the case unless he should stop the omnibus and run after the woman. This he thought would make more trouble than the ticket was worth.

Just as this thought was passing through his mind, he saw the boy who had been riding on

the steps, jump off from them and run toward the ticket. Forester supposed that he was going to get it and keep it for himself; but instead of that he picked it up and ran on after the woman, calling out to her that she had lost her ticket. There were not many persons on the sidewalk in that part of the city, nor many carriages passing at this time in the street, so that the woman heard him and turned round. Forester saw that he handed the woman her ticket, and then, without stopping an instant, he turned round and ran back, endeavoring to regain the coach again.

The omnibus had, however, by this time gone on so far, and was proceeding so fast, that it seemed very doubtful whether the boy could overtake it again. Forester was very sorry. "He'll lose his ride," thought he, "in consequence of that act of honesty and kindness." Forester put his hand up to pull the string for the driver to stop, so that the boy might get up to the steps again,—but then in an instant he reflected that he had no right to help a boy to steal a ride. Besides, he thought that if he should stop the omnibus, the boy would not come and get on in an open manner, but would probably stop running and remain where he was,

or only walk along slowly, for fear that the driver would look around and see him.

Forester, therefore, did nothing. He, however, watched the boy with great interest, and could not help hoping that he would succeed in overtaking the omnibus; but it soon became very evident that he would not, for the distance was plainly increasing between them, and in a few minutes the boy stopped running, and began to walk along the sidewalk like any of the other foot passengers.

Just at this time Forester caught a glimpse of a little sign over the windows of a large brick house, which stood on the corner of a street that led off from Broadway. The words "FOURTH STREET" were printed on the sign. Forester remembered that it was near Fourth-street, that he was directed to stop, in going to Mr. Baron's house. So he pulled the string, and when the driver had reined up his horses, he handed up his money through the round hole. While he was waiting for the driver to give him back the tickets or the change, he could not help thinking that the boy would have an opportunity to run and overtake the omnibus again. He could, however, hardly decide whether he ought to be glad or sorry for this. On the one hand, he did

not like to have the boy lose his ride on account of his act of honesty and kindness; but then, on the other hand, he thought he ought not to wish success to any attempt to get a ride without paying for it; for this he could not but consider a species of fraud.

Forester was, however, saved the necessity of deciding the question, for, on descending the steps of the omnibus, after he had settled his business with the driver, he saw the boy walking leisurely along upon the sidewalk, nearly opposite to him, and evidently having no desire to regain his place upon the steps again.

"Perhaps he has reflected," thought Forester, "that it is not right to ride without paying, and has determined not to do so any more."

The boy walked along, and Forester followed him, both going up the street, while the omnibus drove rapidly on, carrying the remaining passengers to their several destinations.

This is a strange boy, thought Forester. Malicious in Nassau-street, and kind and obliging in Broadway. A rogue against the driver of the omnibus, and yet honest toward the passengers. I mean to go and speak to him. I'll ask him my way,—and it is an even chance whether he directs me right to do me a kind-

ness, or wrong to make mischief and trouble. So Forester walked on until he had overtaken the boy, and then asked him if he would be good enough to tell him the way to Waverly Place.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, in a frank and open manner. "I'm going directly there, and I'll show you."

So Forester and the boy walked along together.

CHAPTER III.

LILLIE.

FORESTER and the boy walked along together. They crossed Broadway, and very soon turned off into a magnificent street, which led out of it, toward the North River. There were ranges of very lofty brick houses on each side of the street, with massive flights of steps leading to the front doors, guarded on each side with ornamented balustrades of iron.

"There, sir," said the boy, "this is Waverly Place."

"I am much obliged to you," said Forester; and he turned into the street which had thus been pointed out to him. The boy turned into the street too.

"O, you are going here yourself, then," said Forester.

"Yes, sir," answered his little companion; "I live here."

"I was very glad to see you carry the woman her ticket," said Forester. "Some boys would have kept it."

"What for, sir?" said the boy.

"Why, so as to get a ride with it, coming up Broadway some day."

"I can get rides enough without tickets," replied the boy.

"But I should think," replied Forester, "that you would prefer to have a ticket, and then you could get in and sit quietly at your ease."

"No, sir," said the boy, "I don't care any thing about that."

While this conversation had been going on, Forester had carefully looked at the doors of all the houses which he passed, in order to find the number to which he had been directed; and just at this time, as he looked up to the door which he happened now to be passing, he saw, in black letters, on a black brass plate, the word "BARON" engraved. He immediately turned and began to ascend the steps. To his surprise the boy followed him.

"Why, do you live in this house?" said Forester, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"This isn't Marco, is it?" said Forester.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Why, Marco," said Forester, extending his hand to him; "I didn't know you. How you

have grown. Do you remember your cousin Forester?"

Marco took his cousin's hand in a cordial and friendly manner, and smiled as if he was pleased to see him. Forester was just going to ring the bell, but Marco took a little key out of his pocket and opened the door. He invited his cousin in, in a very polite and gentlemanly manner, and ushered him into a parlor.

The parlor was in the back part of the house, and looked out into a little garden by two windows, which extended down to the floor. The room was large, and well filled with rich furniture. Marco invited his cousin to take a seat upon one of the sofas, while he went to find his mother.

Forester seated himself upon the sofa, and while he was doing so, his attention was attracted by the voice of a child singing. The sound appeared to come in through one of the open windows at the back side of the room. The tones of the voice were very sweet and musical, and Forester listened to hear the sound. Marco went on immediately to the back part of the room, and there opened a door which led into an adjoining apartment, and as soon as the door was opened, Forester could hear the sound

of the voice more distinctly. The truth was, the child who was singing was seated at a door of the apartment that Marco went into, which led out to the garden. There was a little piazza over this door, outside. The floor of the piazza was a marble pavement. The stones were square, of blue and white marble, placed alternately, so that the pavement had the appearance of a checker-board. The child, whose voice Forester had heard, was sitting in the door-way, looking out upon the pavement and the garden; and thus the sound of her voice would come in through the windows of the parlor, to the sofa where Forester was sitting, and more directly and distinctly still, through the door, when Marco opened it. Marco left the door open, and so his cousin Forester could hear the conversation which took place between him and the little girl.

"Lillie," said Marco, "what are you doing?"

"I'm singing my kitten to sleep," replied the same pleasant voice which Forester had heard before.

"Your kitten?" repeated Marco.

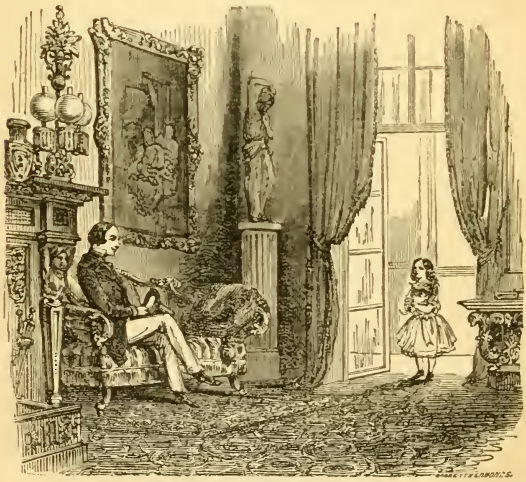
"Yes," replied Lillie; "and you must not make a noise; you'll disturb her."

"Cousin Forester is in the parlor," said Marco.

"Cousin Forester!" repeated Lillie. "I didn't know I had any cousin Forester."

"Yes," rejoined Marco, "he is in the parlor, on the sofa."

"I mean to go and see him," said Lillie. A moment afterward, Forester saw the figure of a beautiful little girl, with a kitten in her arms, standing at the door.



LILLIE.

"Ah! come and see me," said Forester, extending his hand toward the child.

She remained motionless, afraid, apparently, to accept such an invitation from a stranger.

"Is your name Lillie?" said Forester.

"Yes, sir," said Lillie.

"Well, I am your cousin Forester. Come and show me your kitten."

So Lillie walked across the room to Forester, and while he looked at the kitten and patted her on the head, Lillie gazed very intently upon him.

"It is a very pretty kitten," said Forester. "Havn't you any thing else to show me!"

"Yes, sir," said Lillie; "if you will come with me, I will show you my monstrous great grandfather."

"Why, Lillie," said Forester, "what do you mean by that?"

"Come and I'll show you," said Lillie; and she took him by the hand and began to pull, to induce him to get up and go with her. Forester accordingly followed where she led; and she conducted him through a pair of large folding-doors, which opened into another parlor adjoining the one where Forester had been sitting; and there, hanging upon the wall in the

corner, Lillie pointed to a picture of a venerable old man, dressed in clothes of a very ancient fashion.

"That is he," said Lillie.

"I don't see that he is so very great," said Forester.

"Well, he was when he was alive. Marco told me so."

Marco, having heard their voices, came in through the parlor where Forester had been sitting, and as he approached, he heard these remarks, and exclaimed at once, "No, Lillie, I told you it was your great, great, great grandfather."

"Well," said Lillie, "I thought you meant he was monstrous great."

Marco burst into a fit of laughter at this mistake, and left the room, Lillie following him and telling him that he shouldn't laugh at her. Forester being now left alone, returned through the folding-doors, shut them, and took his seat on the sofa again.

He could hear Marco and Lillie in conversation in the other room. Forester judged that Lillie had given up the plan of rocking her kitten to sleep, as she seemed to be playing around the room with Marco. At last Forester heard

her say to Marco, that she had been studying a geography lesson that morning, and she meant to get her book and ask him the questions. After a short pause, during which Forester heard a sound as of the turning over of leaves, Lillie began her questions, by reading in a very slow and hesitating voice, stopping now and then to spell a word, as follows:

"Describe the course—of the river—W-o-l, Wol, Wolga, the river Wolga."

"The river Wolga," said Marco, "rises among the mountains, and runs *down*, generally, between banks and villages, and at last it empties into the sea."

Lillie's mind was too intent upon her own task of asking the questions properly, to pay much attention to Marco's answers. As long as he answered promptly and fluently, she was willing to take it for granted that the answer was correct.

"Describe the city of Mos—cow," said Lillie.

"The city of Moscow," said Marco, "is on the land somewhere, and it has houses and churches along the streets; and it is all full of inhabitants."

A momentary doubt seemed to pass over

Lillie's mind, at this answer. She raised her eyes from her book and looked at Marco, though Forester of course could not see this action. But as Marco's countenance appeared grave and immovable, she looked down upon her book again, and, after feeling about for a moment with her finger, to find her place, she read the next question.

"In what part of Russia are the Ural Mountains?"

"Away up in the upper part," said Marco, "above all the rest of the land. And the mines, if there are any, are down at the bottom."

Lillie raised her eyes from her book, looked at Marco, and said, "Is that right, Marco?"

Marco did not answer, but a faint semblance of a smile seemed to be hovering about the corners of his mouth.

"I don't believe that is right, Marco," said Lillie. "There is not any thing about any coal-mines here. I don't believe that is right."

Just at this moment the farther progress of the recitation was interrupted by the loud ringing of the door-bell, and by Marco's exclaiming in consequence,

"There! there goes the door-bell! Mother is coming."

CHAPTER IV.

MARCO'S MOTHER.

IMMEDIATELY succeeding these words of Marco, Forester heard the footsteps of a servant, passing along the entry to open the door, and then there was a sound of movement in the entry, as if some person had come in. He heard also a lady's voice, saying, in a pleasant tone, but yet in one that seemed to denote some anxiety,

"Has Marco come home yet, Washington?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the answer.

"Where is he?" asked the lady.

"He is in the breakfast-room, I believe, with Miss Elizabeth."

"Miss Elizabeth!" thought Forester to himself. "Who can Miss Elizabeth be?"

Mrs. Baron,—for Forester knew very well that this must be Mrs. Baron,—walked through the long entry, and went into the room where Marco and Lillie were playing; and, as the door was open, Forester could not help hearing the conversation which ensued.

"Why, Marco," said the lady, "where have you been all this time? I said you might be gone an hour, and you've been gone all the morning."

"Oh, no, mother," said Marco; "I got home some time ago."

"But where have you been? You promised me you would only go out on the square. Have n't you been off somewhere else?"

"No, mother," said Marco.

Forester was much shocked to hear Marco tell his mother that he had not been away, when he had himself seen him away down in Nassau-street, which was a mile or two from Waverly Place. And he began to feel uneasy at his own position,—that of an involuntary listener to a private conversation. He, however, did not know exactly what to do. He did not know how to let Mrs. Baron know that he was in the parlor. It would not be proper for him to go into the breakfast-room, nor to get up and go and shut the door.

"But, Marco," said his mother, "I went all around the square when I went out, and I could not see you there anywhere."

"I must have been there somewhere," said Marco.

"It is very strange I did not see you," said his mother.

"Mother," said Marco, "cousin Forester is in the parlor; hadn't you better go in and see him?"

"Cousin Forester!" replied the lady; "when did he come?"

In the midst of Marco's answer to this question, Forester saw the door which led from the parlor to the breakfast-room open wider, and a very handsomely dressed lady appeared, with her bonnet on, and a parasol in her hand. She walked across the room and gave her hand to Forester, and said that she was very glad to see him.

"And Mr. Baron invited you to dine with us to-day, I presume," said the lady.

"Yes, he did," replied Forester.

"Now how unfortunate it is," said the lady, "that we're both engaged to dine out to-day. Mr. Baron forgot all about it, I dare say, his head is so full of business. How could he be so careless?"

"Never mind," said Forester, "never mind I'll stay and dine with the children. It will give me a better opportunity to become acquainted with my young friend Marco."

The center-table. Cards.

"Oh, yes, Marco," replied Mrs. Baron; "you're going to take him, are you not?"

"Yes," said Forester; "I have just concluded the arrangements with Mr. Baron."

During this conversation, Mrs. Baron had walked toward a circular table, with a very handsome marble top, which stood in the middle of the room. Such a table is called a center-table. Upon the middle of the center-table was a tall lamp, surmounted with a cut-glass shade, of splendid workmanship. There were several large books, bound in morocco and highly gilded, lying upon the table, with various other articles, and among them a little alabaster cup or vase, supported upon a pedestal of black marble. Several visiting cards were lying in the vase. Mrs. Baron began to look at the cards to see who had called upon her that morning. For it is the custom in cities, that, when persons call to see a lady and find that she is not at home, they leave a little card with their name upon it, so that the lady may know, when she returns, who her visitors have been.

"I feel *so* relieved," said Mrs. Baron, as she was looking over the cards, "to think that you are going to take Marco. He is a constant anxiety to me. We have done every thing we

could to find a good school for him, but he gets into difficulty everywhere.—Mrs. General Stuyvesant!" she exclaimed, reading a name from a card; "now how sorry I am, I was out when she called. Mrs. Williams. Mrs. John Murray. It is such a pleasant day, every body is out calling.—When did you come in town, cousin Forester?"

"I arrived in the boat this morning," replied Forester.

"You had a good passage, I hope,—it was such a pleasant night. I noticed there was a fine moon."

"Yes," replied Forester, "we had a moon the latter part of the night."

"Why, I don't think it was much after midnight, if any, when I came home. I came home in very good season last night. But now I must go and dress for dinner. They dine at half-past four, where we are going, and I've only an hour. You'll excuse me, won't you, cousin?"

"Certainly," said Forester.

"You'll have all the better opportunity to become acquainted with Marco, as you say. I really hope you'll be able to make something of him. I'm convinced he is capable of making

something,—if we can only find somebody who knows how to manage him."

So saying, Mrs. Baron drew out a beautiful watch, which was attached to a very slender and delicate gold chain which passed around her neck, to see precisely what time it was; and then, telling Forester that she should expect to find him there that evening when she returned, she bade him good morning, and went away.

After dinner that day, Forester had some conversation with Marco, sitting upon a sort of sofa called an ottoman, which was near the window in the breakfast room, where Lillie had been rocking her kitten to sleep, when Forester first came into the house. Forester asked Marco how he liked the idea of going away with him.

"Oh, pretty well, sir," said Marco. "I'm tired of staying in this city. I like the country a great deal the best. Where shall we go first?"

"To Vermont, I think," said Forester.

"What sort of a place is Vermont?" said Marco.

"Vermont is a state," replied Forester, "not any one particular place. But there are a great many very pleasant places in it, among the Green Mountains and along the Lakes."

Lake Champlain. Pole broken. The rocking horse.

"What lake, sir?" said Marco.

"Lake Champlain," replied Forester. "There is a lake called Lake Champlain, which extends along the western side of Vermont, and there are a great many beautiful places on the shores of it."

"Shall we go there?" said Marco.

"Yes," said Forester.

"Can I go a fishing on the lake?"

"Have you a fishing-line?" asked Forester.

"Oh, yes," said Marco, "plenty of them, and a fishing-pole which will all shut up into a cane, —so long;" and here Marco extended his hands, holding them at a proper distance apart to show his cousin into what a narrow compass his pole would shut up.

"Only my pole is broken," said Marco.

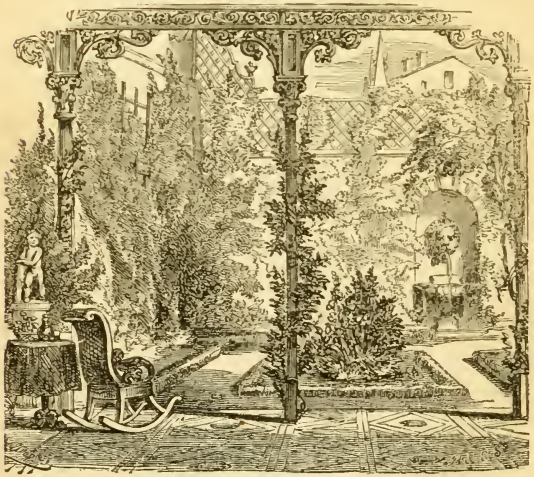
"Yes," said Lillie, "you broke it whipping your horse?"

"Your horse," repeated Forester.

"Yes," replied Marco, "she means my rocking-horse. If you will come with me, I'll go and show it to you."

So Marco led his cousin out the window, which, as has already been stated, opened down to the floor. From the window they came upon the marble platform, which has already been

mentioned, and from that into a small garden. This garden was very small indeed, being rather a court-yard than a garden. It was bordered on two sides by the house, and on the other two by a high brick wall. There was a border all around the sides, planted with peach and pear trees, and a few flowers; and the walls on every side were covered with grape vines, which were trained against them. In the middle was a little green plat of ground, mowed very close and smooth.



THE YARD.

"Oh, what grape vines!" said Forester. "I wish grapes would grow in Vermont."

"Won't they?" asked Marco.

"No," replied Forester; "the climate is not warm enough for them to ripen well. Vermont is a great deal farther north than New York city."

By this time Marco had led the way to a door which led from a little court-yard or garden into a part of the house which appeared to be beyond the kitchen. They passed through a passage-way which conducted them at length to a room, which Marco said was a play-room. There were a great many things in it, but they were all in disorder. In one corner was a small carriage, made of basket-work, with one wheel off; and tumbled over on it was Marco's rocking-horse, which appeared to be sadly out of repair. It looked much defaced by hard usage. Both ears were gone, and one of the stirrups; and the rocker on one side was loose at its junction with the hind foot of the horse.

"Here he is," said Marco, seizing hold of the horse by the mane. "Come out here, old Jupiter."

"Is his name Jupiter?" asked Forester.

"Yes," replied Marco; and he pulled his

horse out in a very rough manner, so that Forester could see it.

"It seems to me you don't take very good care of your horse, Marco," said Forester.

"Why, I don't care any thing about him now," said Marco. "I wish I had a real horse to ride. Couldn't you let me have a horse to ride when we get to Vermont?"

"Why, perhaps so," said Forester. "Did you ever learn to ride?"

"No, sir," said Marco, "but mother said that I might go to a riding-school some time or other. There is one over in the Bowery."

The Bowery is the name of a celebrated street in New York, very wide, and lined on each side with shops, stores, and public buildings of all kinds, for one or two miles.

"However," said Marco, "if you will promise to let me ride in Vermont, it will be all the same thing."

"I don't know about promising," said Forester. "I think I had better keep the riding for a consideration, in case I should have occasion to make any bargains with you for any thing."

"For a consideration?" inquired Marco;—'how?"

"Why, in case I should wish to get you to agree to do any thing for me, I can make the riding the consideration; that is, I can say, if you will do such a thing for me, I will let you ride so many times,—and so on."

"Well," said Marco, "and what do you want me to do for you?"

"Oh, I don't know now. I have not any thing particularly in mind now, but I probably shall have, and I will keep the riding in reserve, to make use of when I have occasion to want you to do any thing."

"Well," said Marco, "I'll do it, whatever it is, if you'll only promise to let me ride."

Forester had some farther conversation witn Marco and Lillie, and then they went into the house again. At length Mrs. Baron returned home, and Forester soon afterward went away. Before he left the house, however, it was agreed that Marco was to go down and take tea with him at his hotel, and after tea to go and take a walk. The hotel where Forester lodged was called the Atlantic hotel, and was situated at the foot of Broadway.

CHAPTER V.

CAPACITY.

IF any of the readers of this book will look upon a map on which the state of New York is delineated, they will see that the city of New York is situated near the mouth of the Hudson river. It is in fact on the lower end of an island more than twelve miles long. The Hudson river flows upon one side of this island, while the East river, which comes in from Long Island Sound, is upon the other; and then up at the upper end of the island there is a smaller river called the Harlem river, which flows across from the North river to the East river, and completes the insulation of the tract of land on which New York city is built.

This island is more than twelve miles long, and not far from two miles wide, so that it is very large,—much larger than is necessary for the city.

The city is built upon the lower end of it, and extends up but about three or four miles, so that only about one third of the island is yet covered

with streets and buildings. The rest of the island, that is, the upper part, consists of wide fields and tracts of waste and desolate-looking land, through which lie several great dusty avenues, which lead down to the city.

The lower point of the island, where the city is built, is toward the ocean, but it does not extend out so far as to be exposed to the open sea. There is a sheet of sheltered and protected water just below the place where the Hudson river and the East river come together at the lower point of the island of New York, which is called New York harbor. It is protected by large and small islands which lie along the coast at this place.

There is Long Island on one side and Staten Island on the other, and several smaller islands in front; and between these islands and around the mouths of the Hudson river and the East river, are many places where the water is deep and yet sheltered by surrounding land, so that ships can lie there at anchor in safety. This is one of the principal reasons why so large a city has been gradually growing up at this place,—because it is so convenient a place for the great ships to come with their cargoes of merchandise from foreign countries. Here they are unladen,

and their cargoes are conveyed in smaller vessels up the Hudson river and the East river, and thence by canals and railroads, they go all over the country.

These deep places about the mouths of the Hudson river and the East river, are kept deep all the time by the washing of the tides. For these rivers, like all other rivers, bring down every year a great quantity of sand, gravel, and mud, which would be deposited at their mouths, and gradually choke up the entrances, were it not that the tide, rising and falling every day, alternately pours in and draws out a great quantity of water, which washes out all the channels and entrances, and keeps them from becoming obstructed.

The Hudson river, though called the Hudson in books, is known more generally by the name of the North river in common conversation in and around New York, because it comes down toward the city from the north. The shore of the river, as far as the city extends, is lined with docks and piers, where ships, sloops and steamboats without number, lie while loading and unloading. It is the same with the East river, on the other side of the city. Between these rivers the great street called Broadway passes

Broadway. The East river. The omnibus.

up and down the island, through the very heart of the city, with a great many other streets passing off from it at right angles, toward the North river on one side, and toward the East river on the other. The house where Mr. Baron lived, was away up Broadway, nearly two miles; and the Atlantic hotel, where Forester was going, was down at the lower end of Broadway, near the extremity of the island, where the North river and the East river flow together; so that in passing down from Mr. Baron's house to the hotel, they were to go along Broadway for two miles, through the very heart of the city.

As Forester and Marco issued from Waverly Place, they turned into Broadway, and began to walk upon the broad stone sidewalk toward the hotel. Presently an omnibus came along, and the driver seeing Forester and Marco walking slowly, thought that, perhaps, they would want to ride; and so he drove his omnibus over toward that side of the street. Forester looked around, and when he saw the omnibus, he asked Marco whether he would rather ride or walk. Marco said he did not care which. So Forester shook his head as a signal to the omnibus driver, and he drove on without them.

"Well, Marco," said Forester, "now you are

going to be my scholar for some time, and I should like to know something about your studies. Have you been at school much?"

"Yes, sir," replied Marco; "I have been to a great many different schools."

"And what have you studied?" asked Forester.

"Why, arithmetic and French, and—and—I began Latin once—and geography."

"And which of your studies did you like the best?"

"I don't know, sir," said Marco.

"How do you like arithmetic?"

"I don't like arithmetic at all," said Marco; "I never could understand it."

"There is one thing peculiar about arithmetic, and all mathematical studies, in fact," said Forester, "and that is, that they are most intensely interesting to those who understand them; but nothing is so disagreeable as to study them when you don't understand them."

"Well, I don't understand," said Marco, "and I hate the sight of arithmetic."

"Yes," said Forester, "there are some minds not capable of understanding the relations of numbers, and perhaps yours may be one. If it is so, it is of no use for you to study arithmetic."

"Yes," said Marco, "I know it's no use—I told my mother so."

"It's only a waste of time, and worse, in fact, for it makes you miserable to no purpose."

"Yes, sir," said Marco.

"I should think," continued Forester, "that if your peculiar cast of mind is such, that you are not capable of understanding the relations of numbers, you had better give up the study of arithmetic at once, and attend to something that you *can* learn."

"Yes," said Marco, "and so I wish you would let me give up arithmetic altogether."

"Very well," said Forester, "I will,—that is, if I find that your mind is one of those which can not understand the relations of numbers. But we must be sure of that first. I'll try you a little. Let me think,—what shall I attempt to explain to you? I must try to think of something that you have never had explained to you before. Do you know what the difference is between a prime and a composite number?"

"No, sir," said Marco.

"Very well, I will take that then. I will explain it to you, and we will see whether you are capable of understanding it. A *composite* num-

ber is one that is produced by multiplying together two or more *numbers*. All other numbers are primes."

"Well, sir, I don't understand it," said Marco.

"The number *six*, for instance," continued Forester, "is three times two; so that the number six is produced by multiplying three by two. Therefore it is composite. But the number three can not be produced by multiplying any other two numbers together; so that *three* is a prime number; so *two* is a prime number."

"Why, twice one are two," said Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester; "but in that case you take two itself to multiply, in order to produce two. A composite number is one produced by multiplying two *other* numbers together, not multiplying itself by one other number. Of course, any number multiplied by one will produce itself again."

"Yes," said Marco, "I understand."

"Now what two numbers multiplied together will produce four?" said Forester.

"Twice two are four," replied Marco.

"Yes," said Forester, "and so two and two are the numbers which multiplied together make four. Such numbers are called *factors*. Do you think you can remember the word factor?"

"No, sir," said Marco, "I don't suppose I can. I havn't got a very good memory."

"It is of no consequence," said Forester, "if you do forget it. In fact it is a rather hard word to remember,—factor. One reason why it is hard to remember is, that you do not at first perceive any connection between its sound and its meaning. Factor. One would not think that the meaning of that word had any thing to do with multiplying. It sounds most like *factory;* and the word factory seems to have a totally different meaning. And yet there is really a great analogy between the meanings of the two terms; for factory is a place where things are made, and factor means a maker or a doer."

"Well," said Marco, "and are these numbers makers or doers?"

"Yes," replied Forester, "they are makers of other numbers. Two and three are the makers or factors of six. However, I don't really expect you will remember the word. It is a hard word to remember, and, besides, it is a rather hard word to pronounce."

"Factor," said Marco, speaking the word, in order to see whether it could be spoken easily. "I don't think it is very hard to pronounce."

"No," said Forester, "you don't seem to make much difficulty about it. I thought it was rather hard."

Just at this moment, among the vehicles which were passing along the street opposite to them, appeared a peculiar cart, common in New York, used for transporting merchandise. It was rather small, and was drawn by one horse. It had several stakes on the sides, with chains passing across from one to the other, and a man stood upon it supporting

THE LOAD OF EMIGRANTS.

himself by one of the stakes. There was a load of emigrants upon the cart, that had just arrived from Europe, and the carman was taking them up Broadway, to a boarding-house in Mercer-street. On the side of the cart was printed this mark, "No. 18." As Forester's eye caught the number, he thought at once that it would help to illustrate his lecture.

"There," said Forester, "there is the number eighteen. That is a composite number; 'ts factors are two and three."

"Two times three are *six*," said Marco.

"Yes," added Forester, "and three times six are eighteen. So we only have to use two and three as factors, though we use three twice. Now if that cart had been nineteen, it would not have had any factors,—or, in other words, it would not have been composite. Nineteen can not be produced by multiplying any other numbers together, so nineteen is a *prime* number."

"And twenty?" said Marco.

"Twenty," replied Forester, "is a composite; its factors are five and two. Two times five are ten, and two times ten are twenty. So that twenty is a composite number; its primes or factors being five and two."

"Twenty-one?" said Marco.

"It is a composite," said Forester. "Its primes are three and seven. Three times seven are twenty-one."

"Twenty-two?" said Marco.

"Twenty-two is a composite; its primes are two and eleven."

"Twenty-three?" said Marco.

"Prime," said Forester.

"Twenty-four?" said Marco.

"Composite," said Forester.

"Yes," said Marco, "because twice twelve are twenty-four."

"That is true," said Forester, "but twelve is not a prime. Twelve is six times two. And six is not a prime, for six is three times two; so that if we analyze twenty-four down to its lowest elements, we find its factors or primes to be only three and two. For three times two are six, and two times six are twelve, and two times twelve are twenty-four; so that we only use three and two as factors to produce twenty-four, though we use the two three times. A great many composite numbers can be produced from three and two for factors, by using one or the other, or both of them, several times."

"Now," continued Forester, "can you tell whether ten is a prime or composite number?"

"Composite," said Marco.

"And what are its factors?" asked Forester.

"Five and two," said Marco.

"Yes," rejoined Forester. "One, two, three, five, and seven are the primes up to ten; and four, six, eight, and ten are the composite numbers."

"Yes," said Marco, "five primes and four composite numbers."

"That is true. There are more primes than composite numbers at first, but as you go on from ten to one hundred, the composite numbers increase and the primes diminish in frequency. There is a very curious way to find out all the composite numbers."

"How?" said Marco.

"Why, I must explain that to you some other time. We have talked enough about arithmetic now; besides, it is hard talking here in the street, the carriages make such a noise. Let us consider what we will do this evening. What is there remarkable in the city, which you can go and show me?"

"Why, my father," replied Marco, "generally takes people to see the City Hall, but

I don't think there is much to see. There it is."

So saying, Marco pointed to a very large and splendid marble building, which just began to appear in sight. It was in the midst of an open piece of ground, called the Park, which was adjoining Broadway, and which had a high iron fence all around it, and graveled walks, and rows of trees running across it in all directions. The spaces between the walks were in grass, and the surface looked very smooth and green. Through and over these trees, Forester could see the lofty walls of the City Hall, with its windows, its porticoes and piazzas, and a cupola upon the top.

"What is there in the City Hall to see?" said Forester.

"Nothing but just rooms, that I recollect," said Marco. "I should rather go down to the Battery and see the ships."

"Well," said Forester, "after tea we will go down to the Battery."

CHAPTER VI.

THE BATTERY.

IT is not at all surprising that Marco recommended going to the Battery, for it was a very pleasant place to take a walk on a summer evening. A battery is a kind of fortification. It is generally a sort of platform, on which heavy cannon are placed, to fire balls, shells, and red-hot shot at the enemy.

The Battery in New York was formerly used for this purpose. It is at the lower extremity of the island on which the city is built, at the point where the North and East rivers flow together and form New York harbor. The reason why the old government of New York established a battery there, was, that from that place the guns could point toward the harbor, and so be aimed at any enemy's ship which might be coming to do any damage to the town. But in process of time the people concluded that they would have the fortifications farther down, near the mouth of the harbor, on some islands, so that they could keep the enemy from

coming even into the harbor; and thus the original battery, at the lower end of the city itself, became of no use.

The piece of ground which had been reserved for a battery, was pretty large; for it was necessary to have room, first, for a wide platform, extending along the shore for a considerable distance, so as to contain a great many guns. In front of this platform, too, there was to be a very thick wall, either of stone or of earth, with grassed sides, to protect the soldiers who were stationed on the battery to work the guns. There are openings made in the wall, in such cases, to fire through. It was necessary to have the platform very wide, for the guns were long, and mounted on heavy carriages, and they had to be drawn back in order to be loaded. Thus the platform and the wall required considerable space. Then it was necessary to have, besides this, room for buildings called barracks, for the soldiers to live in, and a green field for them to exercise in; so that, altogether, the battery, and what belonged to it, necessarily required a large piece of ground.

Now when the battery was abandoned as a fortification, and the guns moved away to other forts farther down the harbor, they might have

A promenade formed. Iron fence. Summer evenings.

opened streets through the place which had been occupied by it, and then have sold the land for houses. But as it was a very pleasant place, open to the cool fresh air of the sea, and with a fine prospect of the harbor, and islands, and shipping before it, they concluded to keep it open for a *promenade*, that is, for a walk and pleasure-ground. So they paved the platform with broad flat stones, and instead of the thick wall in front, they put up a strong railing. They put a handsome iron fence, too, around the whole ground, and opened gravel walks through it in every direction. They also planted trees on each side of the walks, which have since grown to be very large, and which now make the whole place shady and cool. So that the Battery is a very pleasant place to go to on a summer evening.

The Atlantic hotel, where Forester lodged, was very near the lower end of Broadway, so that it was not far from the Battery. As Forester and Marco came down the steps of the hotel after tea, in order to go to the Battery, they saw before them a young woman on the sidewalk, drawing a little carriage with a child in it. The child was holding a straw rattle in one hand and a little whip in the other. By

the side of the young woman was a little girl, gayly dressed, and holding a large and slender hoop in her hand. This party moved briskly along before Forester and Marco, the wheels of the little carriage trundling over the broad flat stones of the pavement.

Opposite to them, as they moved along, they saw a small circular piece of ground, inclosed with an iron fence, full of trees within, which Marco told Forester was the Bowling Green.

"I wonder how it happened," said Forester, "that that piece of ground was left in that shape unoccupied."

"For an ornament, sir, I suppose," replied Marco. "I presume they left it for an ornament to the city,—like Washington Square."

"No," said Forester, "probably not; because, when the streets in this part of the city were laid out, they had not probably begun to think of ornamenting it with open squares. It generally happens that, in large cities, all the open and ornamented places, which are in those parts of the city that were first built, were originally designed for some other purpose, and then were turned into an ornamental purpose afterward. If we knew the secret history of this

Bowling Green, we should probably find that there was something curious about its origin."

"How can we find out?" said Marco.

"We could find out in a library," said Forester.

"How should you find out in a library?" asked Marco.

"Why, I should ask where they kept the books relating to the history of New York, and I should look for some book giving an account of the early settlement of the city; and perhaps there would be in it a map of the city, as it was laid out at first, and there I should look to see how this space is represented. Hasn't your father got some books about the early history of New York?"

"I don't know," replied Marco: "he has a great many books in his room, but I don't know what there is in them."

By this time Forester and Marco saw, at a short distance before them, the high iron fence which inclosed the Battery, and through the palisades they could see the squares of green grass, with broad gravel walks between them—the whole overshadowed by the trees. There was a large iron gate which they had to pass through. At the side of it was a little fruit-

stand, tended by an Irish woman, where were displayed oranges, apples, nuts, and candy, in great profusion and variety. Marco opened the gate, and held it open for Forester to pass through, and then followed himself. The gate closed of itself, when he left it, with a heavy clanging sound.

A broad gravel walk led from the gate down a gentle descent toward the water. Forester and Marco saw before them, in this walk, a little carriage, standing near a tree, which they recognized as the one which they had observed coming before them on the sidewalk in Broadway. The child had been taken out, and on looking for him, Forester observed that he was running away over the grass, and the young woman who seemed to have charge of him was running after him. The little rogue trotted along, looking back every moment toward his pursuer, and seemed in high glee,—while the maid followed, shaking her finger at him, and making him believe that she was hurrying after him as fast as she could, and saying,—"Ah, I shall catch you, I shall catch you pretty soon." The girl who had come with them, they saw just then advancing up the walk, trundling her hoop. She presently turned aside and stopped,

and sat down upon a seat which happened to be placed there, just within the edge of the grass, on the opposite side of the sidewalk from that where her little brother had gone. There were a great many other groups of children playing in various places upon the grass, or sitting upon the seats under the trees.

Just then a large and very beautiful dog, belonging to a gentleman who was walking at a little distance, came trotting up the walk, and advanced toward the seat where the girl was seated. She was afraid of him. She screamed faintly, and jumped up on the seat, to get out of his way.

"Here, Marco," said Forester, "take my cane, and go and drive that dog away."

So Marco took the cane and ran; but instead of driving the dog away by brandishing Forester's cane, he called to him in a pleasant tone, and went up to him, and patted him on the head. The girl, seeing that the attention of the dog was thus occupied, thought that it would be a good opportunity to make her escape; so she jumped down from the seat, and skipping across the walk, she ran off over the grass, toward her little brother. As she went, she turned round toward Marco, with a countenance expressive

of great relief and pleasure, and said, "Thank you."

The dog, after standing a moment to let Marco pat his head, looked up into his face as if wondering who he could be; and then, wheeling around, with a bound he went off full speed in pursuit of his master. So Marco returned to Forester and gave him his cane again, and they walked along together.

"There," said Forester, "now, to-night, when you are reviewing the events of the day, and considering what good you have done, you can reflect that you have, at least in one case, diminished human suffering."

"Why, cousin," said Marco, "the dog was not going to hurt her."

"He had hurt her already," said Forester.

"Why, no," said Marco, "he had not touched her."

"I know that," said Forester.

"How, then, did he hurt her?" asked Marco.

"He terrified her," said Forester.

"Yes," said Marco, "she looked frightened, I know. But there, sir," he continued, pointing off before him, "you observe that we can see the water and the shipping from here, and that's the reason why I like the Battery."

The platform. The pavement. The trees on the Battery.

It was true that there was now opening before them a splendid prospect, and it was not surprising that Marco's attention was attracted to it; for the pathway through which they had been walking, here approached its termination in the broad stone platform, which extended along the shore. This platform, or pavement, is broad enough for a road, though carriages are not allowed to go there. Toward the water-side is a strong railing, with two bars, so that grown persons can look over the upper one, and children can look under it. The lower bar is to keep children from falling. Beyond the railing the pavement extends a little way, and then a stone wall descends perpendicularly to the water, which dashes incessantly at the foot of it.

This pavement extends for a considerable distance along the shore, with the railing and a full view of the water on one side of it, and a long line of seats on the other. Beyond the seats are the green plats of grass, divided by the gravel walks and overshaded by the trees; and beyond these could be seen, through the branches, ranges of lofty buildings, and the openings of various streets, from which issued a confused, thundering sound, produced by the

thousands of carriages and carts which were incessantly rolling over the pavements of the city.

There were a great many persons promenading, to and fro, upon the Battery, enjoying the cool air of the evening, for it was now nearly sunset. Forester and Marco took seats upon one of the benches which were placed along the side of the paved walk which was opposite to the water, and looked off upon the harbor. The harbor was a very busy scene. Sloops and schooners were lying about in various positions, at anchor. Some were unfurling their sails, some taking them in. On the North river side was a man-of-war at anchor, with several boats alongside, and a flight of steps leading down to them. There were people just getting into one of the boats. First a great many sailors came down, and took their places on the seats; then two or three officers, who went and sat in the stern. The boat was then pushed off,—all the oars of the sailors standing up perpendicularly, like so many masts,—until, at length, as soon as the boat was clear of the side of the ship and of the other boats, the ends of all the oars dropped down simultaneously into the water. A moment afterward they be-

gan to move, all exactly together, and the boat began to glide off, and, after turning round in a beautiful curve, it advanced toward the shore.

The attention of Forester and Marco was here attracted by the appearance of a steamboat, which suddenly came plowing along through the waters, from the East river side. There were a great many persons standing upon the promenade-deck of this steamboat, under the awning. Forester and Marco watched the columns of black smoke which poured up from her two chimneys, and the foam that was dashed up by the paddle-wheels, which revolved swiftly, just dipping the float-boards in the water. There was a small sail-boat just before the steamer, and Marco was afraid that she would get run down; but the steamer glided by in safety, on the hither side, so as to cut off the sail-boat from their view.

On the right hand, as Forester and Marco sat, the water view was bounded by a very large and high building, round in its form, and rising apparently out of the water. There was a bridge which led to it from the main land. It was called Castle Garden. Forester asked Marco if he had ever been in it.

"Oh, yes," said Marco, "a great many times.

It is a strange-looking place inside,—but here comes a boy with oranges. I'm going to buy one."

Just then a boy came along the walk with a basket of oranges, and offered them to Marco. Marco bought two, and when the boy went away, he offered one to Forester, and the other he began to eat himself. Forester did not eat his, but held it in his hand and went on talking, and presently he put it into his pocket. Soon after this, they rose from the seat and walked

THE BATTERY.

slowly along, until presently Marco's attention was attracted by seeing a dog swimming in the water. A gentleman was walking along upon the paved walk, calling to the dog now and then, and encouraging him to swim along and keep up with him. Many persons were leaning over the railing to see the dog swim. Presently they saw a lady coming with a child. They were talking together in a foreign language.

"*Voila le chien,*" said the lady.

"*Oui,*" said the little child.

"*Il n'a pas peur de l'eau,*" said the lady.*

"She's talking French," said Marco, in a low voice.

"Yes," replied Forester; "do you know what she is saying?"

"No," said Marco. "I studied French a little, but I can't understand them when they talk."

"She tells the child that that dog is not afraid of the water."

"I wish I could understand French," said Marco.

* "Look at the dog," said the lady.
"Yes," said the child.
"He is not afraid of the water," said the lady.

"You began to study it, you say," rejoined Forester.

"Yes, but I did not like it very well."

"You did not expect to like the studying of it, did you?" said Forester.

"Why—I don't know," said Marco.

"The pleasure is not in studying it," replied Forester, "but in understanding it after you have learned it. It is not reasonable to expect boys to like study."

"Don't boys ever like to study?" asked Marco.

"Very seldom," said Forester. "There may be some cases, but they are very rare. The best way is not to expect it of them. Their parents or teachers ought to require them to study, whether they like it or not, and then afterward, when their knowledge has been attained, they will be glad."

During this conversation, Forester and his cousin had been walking along, and they had now reached that end of the Battery which was toward the North river. They went out through an iron gate, at a place distant from where they had come in, and then turned into a street which led them up toward Broadway. It was one of the by-streets which led to Broad-

way from the North river. As they were walking along the sidewalk, on a gentle ascent, they saw a lame boy, standing on the walk before them. He had just come out from a high door in a brick wall, which led into a kind of court-yard where he lived. He leaned on two crutches, one under each arm. His legs looked weak and feeble, as if he could not well bear his weight upon them. There were two great leather patches on his knees, and they looked worn and dusty. He was looking down the street, and his face had an open and smiling expression, as if he was contented and happy.

"See that poor lame boy," said Forester, in a low voice, to Marco. "I mean to give him my orange."

"Well," said Marco.

When they reached the place on the sidewalk where the boy was standing, Forester took out his orange, and handed it to the boy. He took it, and seemed much pleased. He nodded with his head, and said, "Thank you, sir."

After Forester and Marco had got a few steps from him, they looked back, and saw that, at that moment, as he was going to move away, attempting to hold his orange and his crutch both with his hand, he dropped his orange, and

it rolled slowly along down the sidewalk. But before Marco had time to run after it, the boy seemed to fall upon the pavement himself, as suddenly as if he had been struck with a blow. His crutches tumbled down, one on one side, and the other on the other, and away he went, scrambling on his hands and knees, down the sidewalk, and dragging his helpless limbs behind him. He soon got his orange, which had been stopped by a lamp-post, and then he crawled up again to his former place, gathered up his crutches, arose, placed them under his arms, and looked up to Forester and Marco with a smile.

THE CRIPPLE.

"Well done!" said Forester. "I think that boy will make his way through the world, legs or no legs;"—and so saying, he and Marco went on, and met with no farther adventure till they reached the Atlantic hotel.

CHAPTER VII.

MARCO PERPLEXED.

IT was concluded, that evening, that Forester and Marco Paul were to remain in New York one more day, before commencing their journey; and the next morning, about eleven o'clock, Forester being at Mr. Baron's house, found that Mrs. Baron was just going down town, and she proposed to take Forester and Marco down in the carriage, which was waiting for her at the door. They accepted this invitation. The coach was a great deal more elegant than the omnibus, but Marco said that he preferred the omnibus, because he could see out of it so much better; besides, it was a great deal easier to get in and out.

When they had got down nearly opposite to the Park, Marco suddenly recollected his gymnasium. So he asked his mother to let him get out and show Forester his gymnasium.

"Very well," said his mother, "I am going to stop a few doors below here, and you can

come in for me there. You will see where I am by the carriage standing at the door."

So she pulled a cord called a check, to notify the coachman that they wished to stop, and the coachman accordingly drew up his coach toward the sidewalk. He then descended from his box and opened the door, and Forester and Marco got ont. The coachman then closed the door and mounted again, and drove away.

Marco took Forester through a gate in a high wall, when Forester to his surprise found himself ushered into a sort of garden. There were walks and little bowers of trellis-work, and seats, the whole overshadowed by trees. On one side there was a row of alcoves, with a little table and three or four chairs in each. They were for persons to take refreshments in. They saw a door leading into a large room where fruits and drinks of various kinds were offered for sale, and there was a great colored placard on a stand at the door, on which were printed, in large capitals, the words "ICE CREAMS." Marco walked on through the garden, and Forester followed him. They came at length to a door, where Marco entered and led Forester up a flight of stairs, into a large room where there were a great many swings, and balances, and

climbing-poles, and ladders. They were arranged in various parts of the room, and there were quite a number of children there exercising upon them. There was a man there to take care of the boys, and a young woman to attend upon the girls. Some of the boys were climbing up ladders, to platforms above, and then sliding down from the platforms by smooth and slender pillars, placed there for the purpose. Some were swinging, and some turning head over heels on poles placed in a proper position for such evolutions. The girls were swinging or skipping ropes in their part of the apartment.

Forester looked on a moment with an expression of surprise and pleasure on his countenance, and then said,

"Well, Marco, this is a busy scene, indeed. Is this where you come to take exercise?"

"Yes," said Marco, "I come here almost every day."

After a few minutes, Forester said that they must go, or that Mrs. Baron might have to wait for them; but that he should like, if they had time, to spend half an hour there.

"Well," said Marco, "we will go now, only wait and see me come down the mast."

So Marco left Forester, and went to a ladder

The plate glass windows. The counters.

which led to the top of a sort of mast, which stood in the middle of the room, and began climbing up on the under side of it. He soon reached the top, and sitting there a moment and looking at Forester, he clasped the mast itself with his hands and knees, and slid safely down to the floor. He then returned to Forester, and they went out together by the same way that they came.

They found the carriage in which Mrs. Baron had been riding, before a store, a short distance below where they had left it. Forester noticed that the windows of the store were formed of enormous panes of plate glass, and that behind them were displayed a great variety of shawls, worked collars, boxes of gloves, and other articles of ladies' dress. The store within was very wide and very deep, and there were mahogany counters on each side. Behind the counters were a great many clerks, busily employed in handing down goods and showing them to the ladies who were there shopping. The ladies were in little groups alongside of the counters. Some were standing, and some sitting upon chairs which were rather higher than common chairs, so as to bring the occupant

more nearly on a level with the goods upon the counters.

They found Mrs. Baron pretty readily, and she asked Forester to take a seat a few minutes, and that then she should be ready to go. When at length she was ready, they all got into the carriage and presently stopped again at a place farther down Broadway. Mrs. Baron said she wanted Forester to go in and take an ice cream. They entered a handsome store, with a counter covered with fruits, cakes, and confectionery of every kind. They passed through this room and went into a saloon behind. There were two or three rows of small marble tables, extending up and down the saloon, with chairs near them, and a great many very handsome paintings hanging against the walls. Mrs. Baron, Forester and Marco, took their seats at one of the tables, and presently a girl came in and brought them three ice creams in tumblers, upon a small waiter, and she placed them upon the table before them. She then went away, and presently returned with two decanters of water and some glasses. The decanters were all lined on the inside with a thick coating of ice, and the water was within the ice, so that the water was kept constantly very cool. The

girl in attendance also brought them some cakes to eat.

They all remained around this table for some time, cooling themselves with the ice cream and cool water, and eating their cakes. At length they went away. Mrs. Baron got into her carriage again and rode off, while Forester and Marco walked on down Broadway toward some bookstores, where Forester said he wished to buy some books.

As they walked along, after they had passed the Park and the Astor House, a vast hotel which is opposite the Park, they came to a place where the sidewalk widened as it passed in front of a great church,—the church being placed back a little from the range of the other buildings. Here they saw an old man, who appeared very decrepit and feeble, sitting by the wayside. He wore old and tattered clothes, and his eyes looked as if he were blind. He held his hand out in his lap, open,—as if wishing that the persons who passed by would put some money into it.

"See that old beggar man," said Marco. "I'm going to give him some money."

So Marco took what he called a sixpence out of his pocket and put it into the old man's hand.

The old man bowed his head in acknowledgment of the charity, and then put the money away into his pocket; and Marco and Forester walked along.

"Are there any old beggar men in Vermont?" said Marco.

"No," replied Forester, "I never saw any."

"I suppose Vermont is very different from New York?" said Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester, "totally different."

"Which do you like the best?" said Marco.

"It is very hard to compare them," said Forester. "In traveling in the country you see a great many interesting groups and scenes, all picturesque; but totally different from the groups and scenes of the city. Here now, within an hour, we have been suddenly shifted from one scene to another; first your house,—then riding down in the carriage,—then the gymnasium, then the shop, then the saloon, and finally the beggar man sitting on the sidewalk of Broadway. They are all interesting and picturesque, each in its own way, and all characteristic of the city."

"And what kind of things do you see in the country?" said Marco.

"Why, I will tell you. I will describe some

The chaise. The steers. Yokes and bows.

things I noticed particularly, as I was coming here. I had to ride about twenty miles in a chaise, before I took the stage, and as my chaise was open, I could see on both sides of the road all that took place.

"Once, as I was riding along, I saw by the roadside before me, two boys coming out of a barn-yard with a yoke of steers, which they were trying to drive. One boy was on each side, holding the steers by the yoke. The steers were running away, and the boys were trying to stop them. One of the bows fell out of the yoke just then, and that let one of the steers loose."

"What is the bow?" asked Marco.

"Why, the bow," replied Forester, "is a curved stick, which comes up under the throats of the oxen or steers, and the upper ends of it are passed up through the yoke which goes across their necks above. The ends of the bows must be fastened in with a wooden pin, but sometimes the pin slips out, and the bow falls down, and the ox or the steer, that that end of the bow was intended to hold, escapes; and, of course, his end of the yoke falls down to the ground. The boys, in the case I am describing, stopped the steers, and got them to-

gether again at the side of the road, just as I came up, and they were trying to yoke up again the one that had got away. The smallest boy was holding up the bow in its place, and the other, who was considerably larger, was trying to put in the pin; but it seems that the small boy did not hold it up quite high enough, for the other called out to him, in a very loud and angry, and very imperious tone,

"'Why don't you hold up that bow, you fool?'

"I looked out at him as I was passing, and said, 'Keep good-natured, my boy; the beauty of breaking steers is to keep good-natured.'"

"What did he say to that?" asked Marco.

"I don't know," replied Forester; "he stared at me very earnestly while I was saying it, but the moment that I finished my sentence, I was just opposite to him, and instantly afterward, the side of my chaise advancing, cut off the whole group from my view, so that I could not even see how he looked."

Marco seemed quite interested in this story, and then he asked Forester to tell him of some other scenes which were witnessed in traveling in the country.

"A short time after this, as I was going

along, I saw a red building by the side of the road, which looked a little like a school-house, but I suppose it was a town-house."

"What is a town-house?" asked Marco.

"It corresponds to the City Hall in New York," replied Forester. "But I will explain that to you some other time. In front of this town-house was a company of soldiers in the road. They were marching toward me in a broad column, which filled up the road entirely. Presently they halted and remained as they were, occupying the whole road. I did not see how I was to get by."

"I would have run over them," said Marco, "if they didn't get out of the way."

"It is not very easy to run over a column of men, armed with bayonets," said Forester.

"Did they have bayonets?" asked Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester. "When I got up pretty near to them, I was just going to stop, but that instant the captain gave some sort of command, which I could not hear, and immediately all the platoons of the company wheeled round in such a way as to form a line along on one side of the road. It was the work of an instant, and the road was clear, and I was riding quietly along behind the backs of the men."

Marco laughed.

"When I had got about half along the line, I heard the captain give his command in a loud voice: '*To the right about*—FACE,'—and instantly every man in the line turned suddenly round, and my horse started suddenly away, as if he thought the soldiers were going to shoot him. A moment more, and I was beyond the line. The side of my chaise cut it off from my view, and the whole gay vision was gone like a lost figure in a kaleidoscope."

"That was good," said Marco; "now tell me another."

"An hour or two afterward," said Forester, "when evening was coming on, I saw a man before me in the road, coming home from his training; he belonged to another town. He looked rather tired, and he had his gun on his shoulder, and his knapsack on his back. By the side of the road near me, was a small house, back a little way in the field. There was a narrow path leading from the road to the house The house was new, and the farm appeared to be nearly new too, for the fences were made of logs, and there were a great many stumps all over the ground.

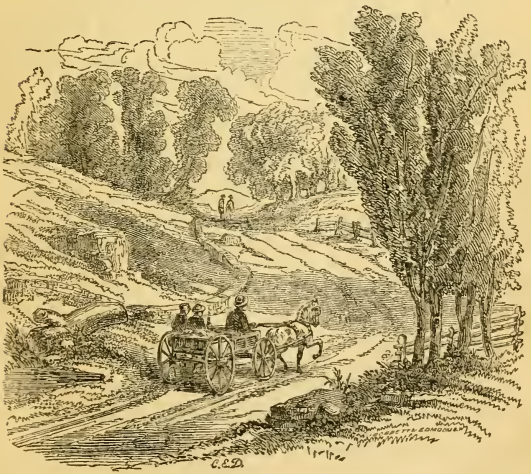
"The man turned in opposite the house and

began to walk along the little path. Just then a small child came trotting down from the door, saying, "pa-pa, pa-pa." As soon as the child got near, his father took his gun off his shoulder, and held it down to him to let him help carry it. The little boy took hold of one end of the gun, while his father held the other, though he had to stoop down for the purpose—and so they walked along toward the house. They disappeared from my view just before they reached the step of the door. A moment afterward I was riding alone in the woods, for this house was the house of a new settler, who had just begun his farm, in the midst of the forest."

Here there was a short pause, and at length Marco said, "Can't you think of any more, cousin Forester?"

"Yes," said Forester, "one more. I was coming through a long, muddy place, where it was very difficult to get along, and the horse went very slowly. There were two men walking a short distance before me, with heavy packs upon their backs. They seemed to be travelers, who were making their journey on foot. A short distance before them there was a man in a small wagon, which was also loaded heavily with boxes, and kegs, and bags, which looked

as if they were full of grain. This wagon moved more slowly than the men did, and so the men gradually overtook it. They walked along by the side of it a few steps, and then I saw that the wagoner was pointing into the back of his wagon, as if he was asking them to put their packs in and he would carry them a little way. Presently the men took off their packs and put them in, although the wagon was pretty well loaded before.



THE WEARY TRAVELERS.

"The muddy ground extended for about a mile, and then there was a hill nearly half a mile long, and we had to walk our horses all that distance, and I could see that the wagoner carried the bundles the whole way. When they reached the top of the hill, where the horses could trot again, the men took out their bundles, and the wagoner drove on. The men thanked him, and said they were finely rested."

"That was a clever fellow," said Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester; "he had different notions on such subjects, from a certain boy I knew once."

"Who was he?" asked Marco.

"Why, he was a boy," replied Forester, "who was walking along the street one day, and he saw a poor girl going before him, with a heavy bundle of firewood on her shoulders, and he cut the string and let all down upon the pavement."

Marco was thunderstruck at this unexpected conclusion of the conversation. He looked up into Forester's face, with an expression of mingled astonishment and guilt. He did not know whether his cousin meant him or not. But as Forester walked straight on, with a counte-

nance entirely composed, and gave no indications of his having intended to expose Marco's guilt by what he said, Marco concluded that he must have referred to some other transaction. Still he could not conceive how two such cases could have occurred. He often thought of this remark of Forester's in the course of the day, and it perplexed him exceedingly.

Boys in the omnibus.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LONDON PACKET.

IN the course of the forenoon, Forester had occasion to go some distance up Broadway to call upon a gentleman whom he wished to see; and so he and Marco got into an omnibus. They found two boys in the omnibus. These boys were dressed in what seemed to Forester a very fantastic manner. There was nobody else in the omnibus. They were looking out at another boy who was upon the sidewalk. One of the boys had on a very singular-looking straw hat; the other had a cap. This last boy called out to the one on the sidewalk, shouting very loud, on account of the thundering noise and din of the street,—"Charley, come and exchange hats with me." "No," said Charley. "Yes," said the boy in the omnibus, laughing, "just for the fun of it."

So Charley brought his cap up to the omnibus window, for the driver had not yet started, and they exchanged caps, and when the driver started along they all laughed very heartily.

"Now," said Forester to the boy, "you've lost your cap."

"Oh, no," said he; "he's my cousin, and we are going up to his house."

A moment after this incident had occurred, Forester, who was sitting upon the seat, looking at the passengers upon the sidewalk, suddenly said,

"Oh stop; there is Edwards."

He immediately pulled the string, to stop the omnibus, and asked Marco to get out with him, as there was a gentleman whom he wished to see. Forester and Mr. Edwards seemed very glad to meet each other. Marco stood by their side while they were talking, and he perceived at once that they were old friends. Mr. Edwards said that he was going to Europe, and had come to embark on board the London packet with his sister. He said he was then going down to see the ship, and he invited Forester and Marco to go with him.

Forester accordingly concluded to postpone his call, and to accept of Mr. Edward's invitation, and they turned their steps down Broadway and walked along together.

The reader must understand that there are lines of packet ships which sail regularly, on

stated days, from New York to several of the principal ports of Europe. There is a line of packets to Liverpool, and another to London, and another to Havre, in France.* The packets are large and very handsome ships, and they are fitted up to carry passengers, and also such articles of merchandise as are produced in this country, and are to be sent to foreign countries to be sold. These articles are conveyed to New York by canals, and railroads, and coasting vessels, and there they are put on board the packet ships to be sent to Europe. The great merchants in New York purchase them all over the country and send them away, and order other articles of merchandise, such as are produced or manufactured in England and France, to be sent back in return. The merchandise which the ships carry is called their freight.

Mr. Edwards, Forester, and Marco turned off from Broadway down a broad and busy street called Maiden Lane, and from that into other streets, in which the movement and the din continually increased as they advanced. Carts

* When this story was written, these packet ships were the principal means of conveying passengers to Europe There are, however, now lines of steamships, in addition.

and drays were going back and forth; the side-walks were obstructed with boxes, and bales, and heaps of merchandise. In one place Mr. Edwards and Forester had to crowd through a narrow place, among bags of cotton; though Marco ran along upon the tops of the bags. At last the party approached the pier. A pier is a narrow projection, built out into the water from the shore, for ships to land their cargoes upon. In New England it is called a wharf. The whole shore of the North and East rivers, at the lower part of the city, is lined with piers. The space between two piers is called a slip. In Boston such a place is called a dock;—though the wharves and docks of Boston are very much larger than the piers and slips of New York, which may be one reason of the difference of name.

The noise and tumult were here so great, that Forester and Mr. Edwards could no longer converse together; and so they walked on in silence upon the pier, making their way as well as they could around and among horses, and the wheels of carts and trucks, and through crowds of men, of every nation and color. The pier was surrounded and hemmed in by vast ships in double rows. their great black sides rising

The ladder. Construction of it. The deck of the packet.

like walls, ten feet high on every side; so that all prospect of the water was entirely excluded.

Of course there was no getting on board any of the ships without a ladder. The ladder of the packet ship which they wished to visit, was made of a plank, with narrow pieces of wood nailed across it, at regular intervals, for steps. The lower end of this plank rested upon the pier, close to the side of the ship at the bottom, and the other was up level with the top of the side, at the place where they were to go on board. Of course the ship itself would keep persons from falling off on one side of the plank, and there was a strong railing upon the other side. There was a great roller at the bottom of the plank where it rested upon the pier; because, as the ship was floating upon the water, it of course would rise and fall with the tide; and by means of this roller the lower end of the plank moved along one way and the other easily, when the upper end was raised or depressed by the rising and falling of the tide.

Mr. Edwards, Forester, and Marco walked up this long plank. When they reached the top, they found themselves upon a level with the gunwale, or upper edge of the ship's side; and down upon the deck, which was about three

The captain. The cabin.

feet below them, they saw a very busy scene. The three masts, with all the rigging which belonged to them, rose before them in the midst of a maze of ropes and spars. Sailors were at work in various places, splicing ropes and coiling them away. Mr. Edwards went down a short flight of steps which led to the deck, and Forester and Marco followed him. There was a very well dressed and gentlemanly looking man standing near the capstan, and Mr. Edwards walked toward him, saying,

"Good morning, Captain Jones."

He then introduced Forester and Marco to Captain Jones, and the captain invited them all to walk down into the cabin. They entered first into a sort of saloon, built upon the quarter-deck, over the place where the staircase descended into the cabin. This saloon was small, but it was very richly finished, and furnished with a sofa and a handsome table. From this saloon the party descended by a winding staircase to the cabins below.

The first was the gentlemen's cabin. It was a little longer than a common parlor, but not so wide. It was finished in a very elegant style, with polished mahogany and dark spotted maple. On each side was a row of doors leading into

the state-rooms. In the center was a long table, extending up and down the cabin. This was the dinner table. It was made of mahogany, very highly polished, and it had a ledge around it, to keep the dinner things from sliding off when the ship was rocked by the waves. The party passed along through this room, and at the farther end of it they came to a door, which led into another smaller and still more elegantly furnished apartment, containing sofas, stuffed chairs, one or two handsome tables, and a large mirror. There was a very elegant barometer hanging against the wall, and a timepiece opposite to it on the other side. There was also a large painting of a ship at sea, under full sail.

THE CABIN.

In this room al so there were side doors leading into state-rooms, and the captain opened one of them, saying,

"This is the one which we marked for Miss Edwards."

They all went into it. It was a small room, not

much larger than a large closet. Opposite the door were two berths, or places to sleep in, one above the other. There was a bureau for clothes, a washstand, and one or two chairs. On the curtains of one of the berths, Miss Edwards's name was pinned up, written upon a paper.

Presently they all came out of the state-room, and took seats upon the sofas of the ladies' cabin.

"I think you informed me, Captain Jones," said Mr. Edwards, "that it is most probable that you will get away on Saturday; still I suppose there may be a possibility that you will remain until Monday."

"Why—yes," replied Captain Jones, "there is a *possibility;* but we intend now fully to go on Saturday. If we should not, I shall wait until Monday. I never sail on Sunday. But then we fully mean to go on Saturday."

"I think Friday is the regular day," said Mr. Edwards.

"Yes," replied Captain Jones, "so it is; but we must take till Saturday. The truth is, we are in hopes that this steamer coming in may possibly give things a little start."

What Captain Jones meant by this was, that he hoped that the news which would come by

an English steamship, which was then expected would give business a start, so that the merchants would be more ready to send out their merchandise. For these packet ships are not owned generally by the merchants that own the merchandise. The merchants hire the owners of the ships to carry the merchandise for them. And so the captain and the owners of the ships always wish to get as much freight as they can; for the more freight they carry, the greater pay they get, and so the greater are the profits of the voyage.

"You have not a great deal of freight yet, I presume," said Mr. Edwards.

"No," replied Captain Jones; "freights are very low. It is an unusually bad time for freights,—and they are trying to crowd us down lower still. But then we reason that there is about so much turpentine that must go out,—and they won't dare to let two or three ships go without taking any. So we are going to be a little obstinate, as well as they. And if they don't come to our terms, why, we shall have to take hold and put in ballast, at the last moment, and work all night for it."

Ballast consists of some heavy substances, as stones or iron, put into the hold or bottom of a

ship, when there is no cargo on board; for it is not safe for a ship to go empty to sea. For in such a case, the weight of the masts and rigging, and all the upper parts of the hull, would make her top-heavy, so that she would be in great danger of upsetting. They are therefore obliged to put in some weight at the bottom, for a counterpoise. Any boy can illustrate the necessity of ballast, by means of a small tin pail upon the water. A tin pail empty will not float. The upper part being heavy, it falls over directly upon its side, and the water runs in and fills it, and then it sinks. But if you put stones into the tin pail, it makes the bottom heavier, and counterpoises the top; then the pail will remain steady in its upright position, and float all over the pond. Thus it happens that the pail, when empty, will sink, but when it is loaded it will float; and a great many heavy stones in the bottom of a ship have often been the means of keeping the ship from sinking.

"What weight of ballast is required for your ship, sir?" said Forester.

"Oh—about—three hundred and fifty tuns," said Captain Jones. "I am not willing to go to sea without the ship's being well in ballast, —they could not *get* me to sea without being

well ballasted. That is a point where *I* show a little obstinacy."

After a little more similar conversation, the gentlemen rose to leave the cabin, followed by Marco and the captain. The captain put his hands playfully upon Marco's shoulder, and said,

"Well, my lad, and how should you like to go to sea?"

"Very much indeed," said Marco.

"That's right," said the captain. "You are a fine fellow, I've no doubt. And you make me think of home. I have got a boy of just about your inches, at home."

"Where do your family reside, Captain Jones?" said Forester.

"In Connecticut," replied the captain.

The gentlemen soon after bade the captain good-morning, and then they all descended the plank to the pier; and their conversation was soon after interrupted by the noise, and tumult, and intolerable din of the business streets through which they were passing.

As they were walking along upon the Front-street sidewalk, Marco, who was behind, observed that Mr. Edwards and Forester were talking together and hesitating in their walk, as if they were in doubt upon something. Pres-

ently they stopped, and Forester told Marco that they were going to another slip where there was a Liverpool packet, which was to sail that day, and they were going to see her off. Forester had told Mr. Edwards that he wished very much that he was going to be here on the day when his packet was to sail, as he should like to see her go; then Mr. Edwards told him that there was a Liverpool packet which was going to sail that day, at twelve o'clock; and as it was nearly twelve then, they concluded to go down and see it. This was the conversation which Marco had observed that they were holding before they turned round.

Marco was very glad to go and see the Liverpool packet, and so he followed the two gentlemen, though he could not hear what they said when they spoke to each other, on account of the incessant thundering of the wheels over the pavements. At length they reached another pier, at no great distance from the one where they had seen the London packet, and they found this pier in a state of even greater hubbub than ever. Carriages were crowding down into it, bringing the passengers who were to go out in the ship. There were carts and drays, and market-men bringing fresh meat and

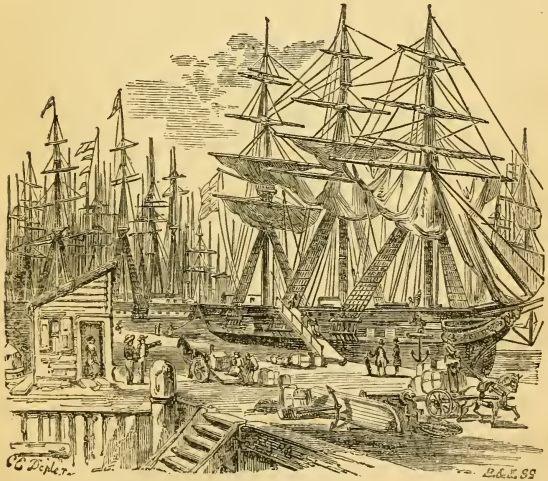
The poultry. Noise and confusion. The swine.

vegetables which were to go on board. When our party arrived there, two or three sailors were taking up a crate filled with poultry, all crowded together in confusion. The poor fowls seemed to be in great distress, for the heads which were thrust out through the interstices, exhibited countenances expressive of the greatest alarm and anxiety. Behind the cart on which these crates of fowls had been brought, there was another large cart, with a cage-like top, which seemed to be waiting for its turn. Marco looked through the bars and saw that it was filled with swine.

The gentlemen found an unoccupied corner where they could stand a moment in safety until the passage-way should be cleared a little, though the noise and uproar were so great, that it was very difficult for them to make each other hear any conversation. Directly opposite to them, on the other side of the pier, was a ship, discharging a cargo of iron, and the bars were run out and made to fall in a heap upon the pier, which noise greatly heightened the general din. Presently Marco saw the cart with the swine advance to its place, as the other moved away. They opened a door behind, and a sailor took one of the hogs by the hind

Terrible din.

legs. These he held over his shoulders, and then went staggering under the heavy load up the plank, the hog's head and fore legs hanging down his back. Before he was half-way up the long ladder, another was coming on the back of another sailor, and it was difficult to tell which sound rose highest above the general noise and uproar of the scene, the terrific squealing of the swine, or the loud clangor of the bars of iron.



THE PIER.

At length they contrived to get up the plank, and they found the deck of the ship as busy a scene as the pier. The passengers, ladies, gentlemen, and children, were seated about the doors of the saloon. The decks were covered with trunks, bandboxes, and traveling-bags. In a few minutes after Mr. Edwards and his companions came on board, the order was given to man the capstan, and a number of sailors came with handspikes, which they inserted into square holes, made for the purpose in the cap stan, and began to turn it round. There was a rope wound round it below, which, as they turned the capstan round, was wound upon it, and so drawn in. The rope extended along the ship, and at length passed around a little wheel in a block, and then went off toward the shore. It was fastened to a post near the outer end of the pier,—so that by drawing in the rope upon the capstan, the sailors were pulling the ship along outward. Mr. Edwards and Forester saw gentlemen bidding the passengers good-bye, and going away over the ship's side; so they concluded it was time for them to go too. They accordingly went up the steps which led to the top of the bulwarks, which are built all around the deck of a ship, to protect

The fore-chains.

the deck from the wind and sea, and then they found that the plank had been taken away. So they had to clamber down the side of the ship as well as they could, by means of the fore-chains. The fore-chains are long links of iron, which may be seen on any picture of a ship, at the foot of the shrouds which are attached to the foremast.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MUSEUM.

IT happened that Marco Paul and Forester did not leave the city as soon as they had at first intended. Mr. Baron had proposed that they should leave town the next day after his first conversation with Forester, but on reflection he said that he thought Forester had better stay a few days, and see something of the city. Forester liked this plan himself very much, as he desired to see a little more of New York before he left it; and Marco's mother had no objection, as she felt entirely relieved of all care in respect to Marco, now that he was under Forester's charge.

The evening after they had been at the Battery, Marco and Forester were sitting together in an omnibus at the head of Wall-street, waiting for the driver to start, to carry them up town to tea. There was a thundering noise and din in the street, so that they could not converse very easily. However, at a moment

when it was a little more quiet than usual, Forester said to Marco,

"I like the Battery very much; isn't there something else in New York that you can take me to see?"

"Why,—there's the Museum," said Marco.

"What Museum?" rejoined Forester.

"There are two, pretty near together, in Broadway, the American Museum, and the New York Museum; I have been to see them both."

After some farther conversation, Forester concluded not to go up town to tea, but to take Marco with him to his hotel, and afterward to the Museum. Forester told Marco, too, that there was a little boy in company with Mr. Edwards, who had never been in New York before, and he thought that he would like to go with them to the Museum, and that after tea they would go and invite him. This boy's name was William.

The plan thus formed was carried into effect. It was about seven o'clock when they came to the place in Broadway where the Museum was situated. It was just below the Park, on the corner of Broadway and Park Row. The entrance was on Broadway, but the rooms of the

Museum extended up Park Row; and when illuminated, in the evening, the long rows of windows make a great display, and attract the attention of strangers who happen to be walking about the lower end of the Park.

THE MUSEUM.

As Forester and the boys entered the door, passing through the crowds of people that were walking upon the sidewalk, they heard the notes of martial music from clarionets, trumpets, and trombones, which seemed to be some-

Admission fee. The animals.

where in the building above them. They passed up a broad flight of stairs. At the head of the stairs was a little office, with a woman seated in it at a table, to receive the money which was to be paid for admission. Forester paid half a dollar,—a quarter of a dollar, or two shillings as they call it in New York, for himself, and half price each for Marco and William. Then they turned to the left, and went into a large and very long room. Marco, who had often been here before, went in with a careless and unconcerned air, but William seemed to be bewildered and astonished at what was before him.

The room was lined on every side with broad shelves that had glass doors before them. The spaces between the shelves were divided by partitions, and were filled with animals of every form and size. There were tigers, and lions, and leopards; there were alligators, and scorpions, and serpents; monkeys, squirrels, foxes, and a hundred other animals that most boys have never heard of. There was one enormous white bear, with his mouth open, as if he was just ready to bite. These animals were not alive. They were only skins stuffed with straw; but they were all standing up in their

Curiosities. The glass-blower. His blow-pipe.

natural positions, as if they were alive. There were various curiosities, too, about the room, and in the middle of it were some settees placed here and there for the company to sit upon. In the middle of the room, too, there was a large table with some curious-looking apparatus upon it, and a man standing at it at work. Forester and the boys walked along to see what he was doing.

He was a glass-blower. Before him, on the table, was a sort of low lamp with a monstrous wick. There was a little pipe, which came from under the table, near the lamp. The end of this pipe was bent toward the flame of the lamp, at a point exactly opposite to it. There was a pair of bellows, made somewhat like a blacksmith's bellows, under the table, which the man worked with his feet; and this caused the air to come up constantly through the pipe, and issue out in a little aperture in the end of the pipe which was toward the flame. This blew the flame in the direction away from the man. Instead of rising up, erect from the wick, as the flame of a lamp ordinarily does, it was projected in a long and conical pencil, very regular and beautiful in its form. Such a pipe is called a blowpipe

The effect of blowing off the flame of a lamp in this way with a blow-pipe, is not only to change the form and position of the flame, but to make it a great deal hotter than it otherwise would be. At the end of the long, slender cone which is formed, the heat is very intense. The man who was at work at the table stood behind it as Forester and the boys approached him, and the lamp was directly before him The blow-pipe was between him and the lamp, so that it blew the flame from him toward the front of the table. The table was quite high, so that as he stood, his arms could easily rest upon it, and he was holding a long, slender, glass rod in his hands, before the conical flame, in such a manner that the tip of the flame just touched it at a place an inch or two from one end.

Forester and the two boys walked up to watch the process. There was a settee placed before the table, with several ladies upon it, who were also observing the progress of the work. Others were standing near, all silent, and apparently much interested. At the instant when Forester and the boys approached the table, the glass rod had become softened at the point where the flame of the lamp impinged

upon it, and the man immediately bent it at right angles. He then moved the rod along a little, and brought another part of it into the flame, and turned it round continually, so as to heat all parts alike. In a moment he bent it again in this second place, thus making three sides of an oblong square. One more bend made the fourth side, and then the workman filed a small notch in the rod and broke it off, and after melting the two ends which came together, he pressed one against the other, and thus he joined them. In this manner he formed out of the glass rod a small frame.

He then took this small frame in one hand, and the remainder of the rod in the other hand, and brought a corner of the frame and an end of the rod into the apex of the flame together. They were very soon melted and joined together. Then he bent over the glass rod so as to carry it across the frame diagonally, that is, from corner to corner, and he cut it off at the proper length, after he had joined it at both ends. This frame was for the bottom of a little stand, though Forester and the boys did not know it at first. They stood by, and watched the workman with great interest, to see what he was going to make of it. Presently, how-

The company of soldiers. The lamp-lighter.

ever, Marco heard the sound of a drum and fife coming down the street, and he went off to look out of the window to see the company of soldiers. William looked to see where he was going, and when he saw him look so earnestly out of the window, he was surprised that he could leave all the wonders of the Museum, to go and see nothing but a company of soldiers coming down the street. At the same window where Marco was looking out, there was a man with an apron on, looking out, too. He had a singular-shaped tube of brass in his hand, about a foot and a half long. It grew smaller and smaller toward the top, and was bent to one side near the top, and from the opening at the end there was a lamp-wick, and a flame. William wondered what it could be.

His curiosity, however, was satisfied very soon; for when the company of soldiers had passed by, the man arose and began to go about the room, lighting the gas-lights with this torch-lamp, which he used as a lamp-lighter. He would reach up to one of the gas-pipes, over his head, some of which were hanging down in the middle of the room, and some near the wall and he would knock a little stop-cock, which kept the gas in during the day, with the end of

his brass tube, and so open a passage for the gas; and then he would light it at the jet by means of the little flame, which issued from the end of the tube. So that the end of the tube answered both for a hammer to turn the stop-cocks with, and a match for lighting the gas. It had not become dark in the room, but the gas-lights soon gave the apartment a much more light and brilliant appearance than it had before.

When William turned toward the glass blower again, he found that he was making an upright part for his stand. In a few minutes he fastened the upright part to the oblong frame, and then he carried supports and braces from one part to the other, until he had made a strong and very pretty stand. He ornamented it in various places with little fringes of glass. He made these fringes by melting the end of a small glass rod, and then, on touching the place where he wished to begin the fringe, the melted glass would stick, and when he pulled the rod away a little, the glass would be drawn out into a small thread. Then he would touch the rod again to the glass in another place, at a little distance from the first, and so on, moving the work very rapidly, and touching the melted end

of the rod every moment, thus making a fringe formed of little festoons of glass thread. William, and even Forester himself, were surprised to see how rapidly he could form these little fringes, having, by long practice, acquired great dexterity.

While this process was going on, Marco returned and asked William to go with him, saying, that he would show him an alligator with a great lizard crawling down his throat.

"Well," said William, "only let me see what he is going to make, to put on this stand."

"Oh, he is going to make a bird," said Marco; "I've seen him make them a hundred times."

"Well," said William, "I want to see how he makes a bird."

So they waited a few minutes longer. The glass-blower took a small tube and heated it in the middle, in the flame of the lamp. Then he blew in at one end, and made the glass, in that part which he had melted, swell out into a small ball. Then, while it was still soft, he pulled gently at the two ends of the tube, and elongated the little ball, which made it assume somewhat the shape of the body of a bird. Then he softened the glass again at one end of this elongated ball, and drew out a portion of it still

more, and turned it upward, and thus shaped a bird's neck. Then he melted the little tube off entirely, and formed a bill. Afterward he put on wings, and a tail, in a very curious manner, and then the bird was finished. A moment afterward it was mounted safely on its stand, and William went off with Marco to see the alligator swallowing a lizard.

In the mean time Forester walked slowly about the room, looking at the strange forms of birds, beasts, and fishes which were everywhere around him. In one place he saw several glass birds, ships, and candlesticks, which the glass-blower had made, and which were ready for sale.

A short time after this, Marco proposed to go up stairs.

"What is there to see, up stairs?" said Forester.

"Oh, there are some wax figures, and dioramas; and there is a kind of garden up on top."

"A garden?" repeated William,—"a garden on the top of the house!"

Just as he said this, Marco, who was leading the way, came to the foot of the stairs which led to the upper stories. The boys observed several musicians standing at the window near

the foot of the stairs, who were just going to begin to play. They were the same musicians that were playing when the boys came in, though they had been resting a short time, while the boys were looking at the glass-blower. They now were ready to play again, and they turned their instruments toward the windows, so as to throw the sound out into the street, for they wished to allure the passers-by to come into the Museum. They commenced a lively, martial air, which pleased the boys very much indeed; even Forester seemed to like the music, and they all stopped upon the stairs to listen to it, and waited there until the tune was finished.

Then they went up into the second story of the Museum, where there were several rooms In one of them were several wax figures,—representations of men and women standing in various attitudes, and with their faces colored like life. They were clothed in splendid dresses, and William gazed upon them with a very serious face, expressive of great astonishment. Forester walked about among them, looking upon them with a sort of smile upon his countenance. As for Marco he did not seem to care any thing about them. He had often seen them before.

Presently they went up to another story, where they found a long room, which, at the first view, seemed to have nothing in it. William soon perceived, however, that there were a great many round glasses set in the wall, about as high as a man's head. They were in pairs, the two glasses of each pair being about two feet apart. The glasses were about half as large round as the crown of a hat. Before William had time to ask what they were for, Marco said to him,

"Come here, William, and I'll show you Mount Vesuvius."

So Marco led William to one of the pairs of glasses which was pretty near him, and he began to look through one of the glasses himself directing William to look through the other. These glasses were about as high from the floor as a man's head, so that the gentlemen and ladies might look into them conveniently. But then there was a step all along the sides of the room, under the glasses, for children to stand upon when they wished to look. So that by standing upon the step, Marco and William could see very well.

As soon as William put his face to the glass, so as to look through, he saw at once a great

extent of country spread out before him. There was the sea, with boats and ships sailing to and fro, in front, and a great burning mountain in the rear. It did not look small, like a picture, but distant and extended, like a real scene. After they had seen Vesuvius enough, they passed along to another glass, and then to others, and they found every view new and beautiful. There was Jerusalem, and Constantinople, and the magnificent palaces of Paris. Forester seemed much pleased with these views. He looked at each one much longer than the boys did. The reason was that he had read about the places and scenes here represented, and took a great interest in studying them in all their parts, and observing how they corresponded with the descriptions which he had read. But to Marco and William they were mere pictures without any particular meaning; so after they had looked at one a moment, off they went to another. Thus they had gone all around the room before Forester had got half way down on one side. Then William wanted to go to the top of the house and see the garden.

CHAPTER X.

EVENING.

FROM the third story of the Museum, Forester and the two boys went up a steep flight of stairs which conducted them to the top of the house. As soon as they were fairly out, William looked around and said,

"Why, what a curious place!"

"Yes," said Forester, "it is a very curious place indeed."

"There's no ground in this garden," said William.

"No," said Marco; "did you expect a garden of ground on the top of a house?"

There was indeed no ground; but under their feet was a flooring of plank, which extended every way over a succession of roofs, which seemed to belong to many different buildings. These roofs were, however, all nearly flat, so that the boys walked easily over them, up and down, according to the different slopes. There was a high balustrade all around the edge next the street, and various other balustrades divided

Tables and chairs. Pleasant evening. The balustrade.

one part from another. There was a row of trees, in tubs, near this balustrade, and a great many plants and flowers, on stands, and in groups all over the garden. In one place was a little building for refreshments, and in another a square tower with a ladder leading to the top of it, by which the visitors could climb up to get a more extended view. There were also a great many tables all over the roofs, with chairs near them for the company to sit in, while taking their refreshments, and here and there a chimney was to be seen coming up through the roof from the buildings below. William said it was funny to see chimneys growing up in a garden. There were a few parties of ladies and gentlemen walking about, but most of the company was below, for it was not a very pleasant evening to be out in the open air. The air was mild and calm, but the sky was overcast, and some dark clouds were moving along in one quarter of the heavens, which threatened rain.

While Marco and William rambled around, running up and down the steps which led from one part to another, climbing up into the tower, and sitting down at the tables, Forester walked forward and looked over the balustrade. He

was more interested in the scene which presented itself to his senses from this point, than by any thing he had seen in the Museum below. The Park was spread out before him, with its rangès of lights and its lofty trees, the tops of which were beneath the level of his eye. He could look down into Broadway, fifty feet below him, with its carts, its carriages, its movement, its lights, and its ceaseless and thundering din. Opposite to him, across the street, was the tall, dark tower of a church, which rose full before him, the body of the church being far below. In every direction all around him, as far as he could see, was a perfect wilderness of roofs and chimneys, and tops of trees, and windows illuminated by the lights within them.

Forester stood for some minutes leaning over the balustrade and looking down upon this scene. At length Marco and William came to the place, and stood by his side, looking down over the balustrade into the street below. There was just room for the three to stand betwen two great flower-pots, which were fastened near the top of the balustrade, on the outside. These flower-pots were held in their places by iron wires passing round and round them, and fastened to the balustrade.

"What are you looking at?" said Marco "I don't see any thing."

"I see a great city," said Forester, "all spread out before me."

"Oh!" said Marco, "I thought you were looking at something remarkable."

"This city seems a very remarkable phenomenon to me," said Forester.

"A phenomenon," repeated William; "what is that?"

"Why, two hundred years ago," said Forester, "this was all a wilderness. The sea was here, and the land and the rivers. But the land was rough and uneven, and was covered with forests; and the rivers were solitary and still. At length a ship came along, exploring the coast. The captain came slowly and cautiously up the harbor, to see what he could find."

"Hadn't any body ever been here before?" said Marco.

"No," replied Forester, "I believe not. That is, no *civilized* people. There were some Indians here, living in wigwams in the woods."

"What was the captain's name?" asked Marco.

"Hudson," replied Forester. "That is the reason why the North river is called the Hud-

son river. It was named from him. He discovered it. When he came up the harbor he did not know that there was a river there. I believe he was looking out for a passage through the land into a great sea beyond. When he found the Hudson river, at first he thought it was a passage through, but after he had sailed up some distance he found it was a river. That is, I *believe* it was so. I never read his journal."

"Did he keep a journal?" said Marco.

"Yes," replied Forester, "I believe he did, and it was afterward printed. I have heard that it is very interesting indeed, but I never read it."

"Why haven't you read it?" asked Marco.

"Why, I don't know. There are so many interesting things to read and study, that we can not read all, and I never happened to get hold of an account of Hudson's voyage. But I wish I had it now."

"I mean to ask my father to let me buy it, to-morrow," said Marco, "at some of the bookstores."

"I do not know that we should find it at the bookstores," replied Forester. "They generally keep at the bookstores only such books as are in demand now,—and this is an old book, and

not called for very often, I presume. We might find it in some of the libraries."

"Well," said Marco, "there is a great library up Broadway. My father owns a share."

Forester was glad to see that Marco's interest was so easily awakened in such a subject. In fact, one object which he had in speaking of Hudson's voyage, and the early history of New York, was to see whether Marco could be interested in such inquiries, or whether his mind was one of that shallow cast which could be interested in nothing but play and mischief. From the readiness with which Marco's curiosity was excited in this case, he thought that he should not find much difficulty in interesting him in study, if he managed judiciously, and proceeded in the right way.

"I believe," continued Forester, "that Hudson was disappointed when he found that it was a river, and not a passage through the land, which he had discovered. He thought, perhaps, that it was not much of a discovery to find a river, but it has turned out to be a very great discovery indeed."

"Why so?" said Marco.

"Because, replied Forester, "this river is one of the things which makes New York such a

convenient center of interchange for the whole country. You must understand that three things are necessary to make a place convenient for a great commercial port."

"What are the three things?" asked Marco.

"First," replied Forester, "a sheet of sheltered water, where ships may lie at anchor, safe from storms. Because, wherever the places are at which the productions of the country are to be collected together to be sent away, and the productions of other countries to be received, there must be a great many ships coming and going, and sometimes there will be a great many accumulated, waiting to be loaded or to be unloaded, or else waiting for a fair wind to sail away. Now it is not safe for ships to be near land much, unless they are entirely surrounded and protected by the land."

"Why not, sir?" said Marco.

"Because," said Forester, "if the wind rises suddenly, and blows toward the land, it dashes the ships against the rocks, or drives them upon the shore. If the wind blows off the shore, then it would do no harm. But it is impossible to tell from what quarter the wind may arise, and therefore it is not safe for ships to be long near land, unless it is in a sheltered piece of water,

nearly surrounded by land, so as to be protected on every side. Then the ships are safe on whichever side the wind may be. Such a sheltered sheet of water is called a harbor. New York has a very fine harbor."

"Well, cousin, what is the second thing?"

"The second thing is deep water near the shore, so that the ships can come up and land their goods directly, on the wharf. The water is very deep all along the shores at the lower part of New York, and the ships can come up to the wharves without any difficulty. Sometimes the water is very shallow for a mile or two away from the shore where ships have to land."

"And what do they do in that case?" asked Marco.

"Then they have to anchor the ship out where the water is deep, and take the goods out, and put them into large, flat-bottomed boats, which can float in over the shallow water. But this makes a great deal of trouble and delay."

"Well," said Marco, "that makes two things; now what is the third?"

"The third thing necessary for a great commercial port, is a system of convenient channels

of intercourse with the interior of the country. You see that all the goods from foreign countries, such as can not be produced here, as tea, coffee, sugar, and oranges, which come into New York in ships, have to be taken into the interior,—and all the productions of this country which are to be sent out to pay for them, have to come down from the interior to New York. Now, if there was a range of lofty mountains all around New York, so that the merchandise could not easily be carried to and from the city, the harbor and the deep water near the shore would do but little good."

"But there are not any such mountains," said Marco.

"No," replied Forester: "instead of them, there is this North river, very deep and straight, by which the merchandise can be floated up and down. It extends hundreds of miles into the country. Then at the end of it they have made a great canal across the state, several hundred miles farther. At the end of the canal there comes a group of lakes,—large lakes, with a great many rivers emptying into them. So that there is a very large extent of country, which can have its products floated along the rivers, lakes, and canal, and down the

Hudson river, to New York, where the merchants are ready to take it and send it to sea; and the merchandise which they get in return, can be floated into the interior in the same way. When we go up the North river in a steamboat, I expect we shall see a great many ships sailing, some going up, and some coming down, carrying merchandise to and fro."

When Forester had finished these words he held his hand out before him, with the palm upward.

"What are you doing that for?" said Marco.

"I thought I felt a drop of rain on my face," said Forester; "yes, it is beginning to sprinkle, so we had better go down."

Accordingly Forester led the way, and the boys followed him down stairs. They found that a great deal of company had come in, while they were up stairs, and the rooms were full of ladies, gentlemen, and children, walking up and down, and looking at the curiosities and at the views. There was quite a little crowd waiting at the door in one of the upper rooms, where there was a placard with these words, "ENTRANCE TO THE LECTURE ROOM," printed upon it.

"Come," said Marco, "let us get near the

door before it opens, so that we can get a good seat."

"Get a good seat," said Forester; "why, what is going on here?"

"This is the lecture-room," said Marco, "where they are going to have experiments and the *ho-cus po-cus*."

"Why, I did not know any thing about that," said Forester.

"Yes," replied Marco; "I'll go down and get a bill."

"Very well," said Forester, "go."

Marco went off, threading his way between the groups of promenaders, which nearly filled the room, and presently disappeared. Before long he returned with a printed paper in his hand, which he gave to his cousin Forester. On examination, Forester found that the paper contained an account of the various entertainments to be furnished that evening, at the Museum, and among the rest were some performances which were to take place in the lecture-room, to commence at a quarter after eight. These performances consisted of electrical experiments, feats of strength and dexterity, comic songs, and similar exhibitions. Marco said that this would be the best part of it,—but For-

ester had some doubt about the nature and influence of such performances. He knew very well that some performances of this kind were unexceptionable and proper. In other cases they were improper in their character, and their influence upon young persons injurious. He supposed that those which were announced in the bill which he held in his hand, were very near the line, but he was not enough acquainted with the establishment to know on which side of the line they were likely to fall.

Besides, Forester did not know how long they should be detained if they stayed to see the performances in the lecture-room; and he thought that on this account it would not be safe to go in. Marco and William were both very eager to stay, but Forester decided against it, and they were forced to submit.

"They begin at a quarter past eight," said he, "and it will be half-past nine or a quarter of ten, I presume, before they get through. That would make us very late home."

"Oh, no," said Marco, "ten o'clock, or half-past ten, isn't late at all."

"I must at any rate see William home earlier than that," said Forester; "so we will go now."

The glass-blower's ship. The rain. Dark and wet streets.

He accordingly began to move along toward the stairs. They found a great many persons coming up; as they descended from one story to another, the crowd continually increased. There were a great many persons about the glass-blower, who was at this time making a ship. They stood a few minutes, trying to get a view of his operations, but there were too many persons in the way. The boys could not see at all.

At length Forester said that they would go; so they walked to the head of the staircase, and began to descend the stairs. They found the stairs covered with people coming up. Many of them had cloaks and umbrellas, and their shoulders were wet with drops of rain.

"Why, boys," said Forester, "here we are, caught in the rain!"

When they reached the door, they found that it was really raining very fast. It was very dark, too, except so far as the street and sidewalks were illuminated by flashes of light from the lamps on the lamp-posts and in the windows. People were hurrying to and fro, calling out to the omnibuses, or running from one awning to another. For there was an awning spread in front of almost every store, which ex-

The awning.

tended out to the front of the sidewalk. These awnings were chiefly intended as a shade, to keep the sun out of the shop doors and windows, but they were very useful in affording a shelter from the rain in showers. Some of the water came through, and fell like a fine mist upon the passengers, but most of it ran along the slope, and poured down in long streams from the lower edge of the awning.

"We will wait here," said Marco, "till a Broadway omnibus comes along."

SHELTERED BY AN AWNING.

The boys and the omnibuses.

There were several omnibuses passing by at this time, but Marco perceived, by a glance, that they were not Broadway omnibuses. One was a Greenwich omnibus, and another was going up the Bowery. Besides, every one was full of passengers, and more passengers were trying to get in.

"No," said Forester, "we will walk down to Wall-street, and take an omnibus there. We shall have a better chance to find one which is not full by going there. We can run along under the awnings, and not get wet much."

So Forester and the boys began to go along down Broadway. They walked while under the awnings, and ran while passing through the open space between one awning and another. The street was full of noise and uproar, made chiefly by the wheels of the omnibuses, and the clamor of the drivers, shouting out the name of the street where they were going. In a short time they found an omnibus going up Broadway, and they all got seated in it safely, and without having become much wet. When they arrived at the place where they had to get out to walk the rest of the way to the house where William was lodging, the shower was almost over. Forester walked along with William, and left Marco to find his way home alone.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HARLEM RAILROAD.

THE next morning Forester told Marco that he wished to take a ride up town, and see how the environs of the city looked in that direction. They were near the Park when Forester said this.

"Well," said Marco, "we can go up in an omnibus or on the railroad; there's a railroad up the Bowery."

"Is there?" said Forester; "then we will go up the railroad. There is a large map of the whole island hanging up in the reading-room of the Clinton Hotel; we will go there and look at it, and see what our route will be, and determine where to stop."

So they walked along across the Park, toward the Clinton Hotel, which was situated in one of the streets very near the Park. The reading-room was on the lower floor, and there were one or two large doors leading into it directly from the sidewalk. When they entered, they found themselves in a spacious

room, with a large table in the center covered with newspapers, and chairs and sofas around the sides of the room. At the farther end was a long desk, with inkstand, pens, paper, and sandboxes upon it, designed to furnish the boarders of the house with facilities for writing letters home to their friends.

However, the object in which Forester and Marco were most interested in this room, was the map. It hung against the wall, over one end of a sofa; it was very long, and represented the whole of the island on which New York was situated, together with the adjoining waters. There was the North river on the west side of the island, and the East river on the other side, and the harbor below. The lower end of the island, where the North and East rivers meet, was entirely covered with the streets and squares of the city; and above it the island extended to a great distance, with the fields and groves, and rocky hills, and streams, and ponds, all beautifully represented by very fine engravings. Among this scenery, the various streets and avenues, which were laid out or designed to be laid out, were all drawn; so that Forester and Marco could see, by examining this map, exactly what there was upon

the island, and what streets or avenues they must take in order to go to any part which they might wish to visit.

Forester observed that the streets which extended up and down the island, from north to south, beyond the city, were called avenues, and were numbered First, Second, Third, and Fourth avenues, &c., beginning on the East river side; and that the streets which went *across* the island, at right angles to the avenues, were also numbered First, Second, Third, Fourth, &c., up to very high numbers. He saw that the railroad went up the Bowery, and at the end of the Bowery it entered the Fourth avenue, and then followed the Fourth avenue up to Harlem. Harlem is a small village at the upper end of the island, and the railroad is called the Harlem railroad. At some distance up the railroad, there was the representation of a village, which was called Yorkville on the map. Here the railroad appeared to pass through a deep cut, and finally to enter a tunnel. A tunnel is a passage cut through a hill, in such a manner as to leave the rock arched overhead. Tunnels are often necessary in constructing railroads.

Besides the deep cut and the tunnel which

Yorkville. Bellevue. The hospital.

were at Yorkville, Forester observed that at a little distance on one side, there was a large edifice represented, called on the map a *reservoir*. He did not know exactly what it was, but supposed it must be some curious structure or other; so he and Marco concluded to go up the railroad to Yorkville, and after rambling about there, and seeing the cut, and the tunnel, and the reservoir, and the general appearance of the country, to return by the first train that should come down from Harlem.

Just as Forester had decided upon this, he observed on the map a large inclosure with several buildings represented in it. It was named Bellevue, and the principal buildings were marked Almshouse and Hospital. This inclosure was situated on the shore of the East river, about half-way up to Yorkville. The street which was opposite to it on the map was Twenty-seventh-street.

"Have you ever been to that almshouse, Marco?" said Forester.

"No," said Marco; "I did not know there was any almshouse there."

Forester took a little book out of his pocket. It was a sort of guide-book, giving some account of New York. He turned to the index

and looked for the word Bellevue. He then turned over the leaves of the book to find the place referred to in the index.

He said, "Why, Marco, it is a very large establishment. This book says there are eighteen hundred inmates. That is enough to make quite a little town. I should like to stop and see the almshouse very much."

"Well," said Marco, "we can stop when we get to Twenty-seventh-street, and so walk right down to it."

"No," said Forester, "for then we shall lose our passage in the cars."

"No matter," said Marco; "there will be another car along pretty soon."

"I don't know," replied Forester; "that is uncertain. Besides, perhaps we could not get into the almshouse."

"Oh yes, we can get in," said Marco; "I can get a ticket. My father can get a ticket from the directors. I suppose there are some directors?"

However, Forester thought it would be best for them to proceed directly to Yorkville, instead of stopping at Bellevue. This plan being accordingly decided upon, they left the hotel and walked along toward the place where the

railroad terminated, on the eastern side of the Park, near the Post Office. Here they saw the rails laid in the middle of the street and extending as far as they could see up the city. At the lower extremity of this railroad there was a car with horses attached to it.

"Then they don't go with a locomotive on this road?" said Forester.

"No," said Marco, "they always have horses to draw the cars."

"I might have known," said Forester, "that it would not do to bring a locomotive down into this crowded street; it would frighten the horses, and people would get run over."

Forester and Marco stepped into the car, by a door behind. The car was much larger than an omnibus, though it was still quite small for a car. There was a door in each end, before and behind, and a little platform before each door. There was an iron staple and pin also at each end, at the edge of each of these platforms, so that the horses could be attached to the car at either end. Thus it was never necessary to turn the car round, as it traveled either way, back and forth, upon the rails. There was a little seat for the driver, too, at each end, on

The platform on the car.

one side of the door, which led out upon the platform.

Several persons came and took their places in the car very soon after Marco and Forester got in. Presently the driver came out from a sort of office on one side of the street, and took his place upon the car. Soon afterward he started the horses along.

Pretty soon Marco and Forester went and took their stand upon the platform behind the car, which had already been described. There was an iron railing to keep them from falling off. They stood leaning upon this railing, looking down the street, watching the objects which were continually coming into view, as they were drawn rapidly backward by the motion of the car. The rails on which they were riding were laid level with the pavement of the street, so that carriages and carts could pass over them in every direction. Both Forester and Marco were very much pleased with the very singular effect produced by being drawn backward so rapidly, through such a busy street, with new buildings and new objects of interest coming all the time swiftly into view, close upon each side of them.

They rode on in this way for some time,

until they got out of the dense part of the city. At length the car stopped before a small building by the side of the street. There were various open lots of land near, which were covered with green grass.

"What have they stopped for, I wonder?" said Forester. He looked around the corner of the car, and found that the horse was going away. The man drove him round to the end where Marco and Forester had been standing, and fastened him there by means of the iron pin. It looked as if he was going to drive back again down into the city.

"Is this Yorkville?" said Forester to the driver.

"Oh, no," said the man; "Yorkville is away up, a great way farther."

"And are you not going up there?" asked Forester.

"No," said the man; "I do not go any farther than Twenty-seventh-street. You take the steam cars from here."

"Oh!" said Forester; "when do they go?"

"In about half an hour," said the man.

So Marco and Forester stepped down from the platform, and walked toward the little building, which they found was an office. There

was a large yard behind the office, which was inclosed by a high fence. In this yard there was a locomotive, with the top of the smoke-pipe appearing above the fence.

"Then we have to stay here half an hour?' said Marco.

"Yes," said Forester; "but didn't he say that this was Twenty-seventh-street?"

"I believe he did," said Marco.

"Then," replied Forester, "we are exactly opposite the almshouse; and if we had two hours, instead of half an hour, we could go down and see it."

"At any rate," said Marco, "we can go down and see how it looks outside."

"Very well," said Forester, "let us go."

So they turned out of the Fourth avenue into Twenty-seventh-street, and walked along toward the East river. As they had come up in the Fourth avenue, they had to cross the other avenues which were between them and the East river. At length they came to the end of Twenty-seventh-street, where it terminated at the wall which surrounded the inclosure of the almshouse and hospital. This wall extended to a great distance each way; and opposite Twenty-seventh-street, where they approached

it, there were large gates, intended, apparently, to admit carriages and teams within the inclosure. These gates were shut; and they were very high, and also close in their structure, so that Forester and Marco could neither see through them nor over them.

By the side of these large gates was a small gate, and inside the wall there was a small building. They could see the roof and chimneys of the building over the wall. Over the small gate there was a placard on which were painted the words, "*No admittance on Sunday.*"

"That looks," said Forester, "as if people might go in on other days."

"Yes," said Marco.

Just at that moment two women came along to the small gate, and opened it, and went in. It was a door, in fact, rather than a gate,—a sort of door in the wall, and it had a latch by which it was kept shut. As soon as the women had disappeared, Forester observed that there was a small square hole in the top of this gate or door. He went up and looked through it. Marco went with him, but the hole was too high for Marco to look through.

"What do you see, cousin Forester?" said Marco.

They go back to the cars.

Forester did not answer, but turned round and began to walk away, Marco following him. After he had gone a very few steps, he said, in a low tone,

"I saw a man sitting at a large, open window. That building seems to be a sort of office, and there is a large, open window in it, and a man sitting at it, as if he had some business to transact with the comers and goers. I think it probable that if we had time, we might go in and ask that man, and he would let us go in and see the almshouse."

"Well," said Marco, "let us go."

"We will not stop now," said Forester; "we must go back to the railroad office, or we shall lose our ride to Yorkville."

When they got back to the office, they found a very long car on the rails in front of it, with very curious diamond-shaped windows. When they got into the car, Marco was very much amused at the singular way in which these diagonal windows opened and shut. Presently they began to hear a hissing sound from the engine, in the yard behind the office, as if they were getting it ready. In a short time the engine came trundling out on a curved railway, which issued from the yard; and it turned and

went up the street a long distance, as if it were going away without them. Before long, however, it stopped, and then came backing down toward them; it did not, however, return into the yard, for while it had gone up they shifted the rail at the place where the railway from the yard came into the railway on the street, so as to cause the locomotive, instead of running back into the yard, to run straight down to the car in which Marco and Forester were sitting. They then connected the locomotive with the car by an iron link, and the car, with its load of passengers, was soon rapidly trundling along the road. The buildings became less and less frequent, and instead of them Forester and Marco observed great vacant squares, some of which were smooth and green, and others broken by banks and heaps of gravel.

After a time the conductor came to collect the fares of his passengers. Forester had to pay a shilling for himself, and sixpence for Marco; for Marco, being a boy, was allowed to go for half price. There were a great many other passengers in the car, among the rest some children so small that they were allowed to go for nothing.

At length Marco, looking out of the window

observed that the road seemed to be running along between two stone walls. The land on each side was higher than the road.

"I rather think," said Forester, "that we are coming into the cut."

"Is this the cut?" said Marco; and so saying, he began to put his head out through one of the windows; but Forester told him that it was dangerous to put his head out of the window.

Marco had immediate proof that Forester's caution was wise, for the instant after the words were spoken another engine, coming the other way, came hissing by the windows with inconceivable velocity, drawing with it a train of two or three cars, which were going down to the city. This train was moving on another track, parallel to the one on which Forester and Marco were going. There was a double track all the way from Harlem to the city, so that some cars could be going up and other cars coming down at the same time, without interfering with each other.

The height of the stone walls on each side of the road was now rapidly increasing, so that very soon Marco could not see the top of them, as they were very near to the track on either

Under a bridge. The wooden platform.

side. Presently they passed under a bridge, which led from the wall on one side to that on the other. A moment afterward Marco heard the engine bell beginning to ring, and he perceived that the engine itself was slackening its pace. The conductor also came in, at the front of the car, and said, "Passengers for Yorkville."

"Here is Yorkville then," said Forester.

So he and Marco went to the door behind, and as soon as the car had stopped, they stepped out upon a wooden platform, which was laid by the side of the road. In a moment the bell struck again, the engine gave a puff and began to move, and away it went along through the narrow cut, and under a bridge, which passed across it at a short distance above the place where Marco and Forester had been left. They found that the walls on each side of the road where they were standing, were very high; there was a broad, wooden staircase which led to the top. They went up, and found themselves in the midst of a pleasant little village. The houses were few and small, but they were ornamented with piazzas and neat white palings in front, and the yards were shaded with trees and shrubbery. At a distance around these were green fields and hills, and some of the

eminences were crowned with very handsome buildings.

"Is this Yorkville?" said Forester.

"I don't know," said Marco.

"I should have thought," said Forester, "that you would have been up here before this time."

"I did not know that there was any such place," said Marco.

"Let us go and take a view from the bridge," said Forester.

When they reached the bridge, they found that there was a very pleasant prospect from it, in both directions. On one side they could look down toward the city, the railroad, with its four lines of rails, extending as far as they could see, and the rails, like four dark lines, converging almost to a point in the distance. On the other side they looked along a deep cut, the banks of which grew higher and higher, until they terminated at the tunnel. The commencement of the tunnel was a round opening, leading into a rocky hill, like the entrance into a cavern.

Forester then sent Marco to a house of entertainment, which was not far from the bridge, to inquire when the next train would come down from Harlem. He learned that it would be more than an hour; so they took their walk

to the reservoir, and at the end of the hour they went back and waited upon the platform until the train from Harlem came along, and took them in; and thus they returned to the city.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NAVY YARD.

WHILE Forester was in New York, he was one morning walking down Broadway with Marco, when he heard a boy shouting out something in a very loud voice. Forester listened, but he could not understand what the boy was saying. Presently he saw the boy himself coming up the street. He was upon the sidewalk, and was running very fast, dodging this way and that to avoid the passers-by. He had a bundle of newspapers under his arm. He came on as fast as he could run, shouting out continually by the way certain unintelligible words.

"What does all that mean?" asked Forester.

"It is nothing but a newsboy," replied Marco, "crying an extra."

"What is an extra?" asked Forester.

"Oh, an extra Sun or Tribune," said Marco. "They publish extras when the ships come in, and the boys run about the streets to sell them."

By this time the boy had passed by; but

others soon followed, and Forester, by listening attentively, observed that what they were crying was this: "Extra Sun, got the arrival of the ship Poland from Liverpool!" Forester said that he should like very much to go and see the ship Poland. He should like to see a vessel just arrived from Europe. Marco said, that if his cousin wished to see the ships, it would be better to go over to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and see the ships of war.

The Navy Yard, which Marco referred to, is situated in Brooklyn, which is across the East river from New York. The Yard is owned by the government of the United States. It is a place for building, equipping, and repairing the national vessels.

"Do you know the way to the Navy Yard?" asked Forester.

"Yes," replied Marco. "I have been there a great many times."

"Is there any difficulty in getting in?" asked Forester.

"No," replied Marco. "There is a soldier at the gate, but I always go right in without paying any attention to him."

Forester, on hearing these statements, concluded to put himself under Marco's charge, to go

The right omnibus. Fulton Ferry. Arrival at the Ferry.

and see the Navy Yard. Marco then immediately began to look out for an omnibus.

"Here comes one," said Forester.

"No," said Marco. "That is not the right one. We want a Fulton Ferry omnibus."

There are several ferries across the East river, from New York to Brooklyn. The one which is most traveled is called the Fulton Ferry, because it goes from the foot of Fulton-street; and this is the most convenient ferry for going to the Navy Yard. Marco accordingly waited on the sidewalk until an omnibus came by, which had Fulton Ferry marked upon the side. This omnibus he stopped, and he and Forester got into it.

After riding a mile or two down, and being two or three times blocked up in a jam of carts, carriages, and other omnibuses, the Fulton Ferry omnibus turned off from Broadway into Fulton-street, and going down Fulton-street, perhaps a quarter of a mile, at length it came into a sort of open space, where it stopped.

"We get out here," said Marco.

"Is this the ferry?" asked Forester. "I don't see either the boat or the water."

Forester, however, after handing the money for the omnibus fare up through the round hole

to the driver, followed Marco out.. He found himself in a broad street which was crowded with carts and carriages. Near them was a high paling with a gate in it. A crowd of people were going through the gate. Just then a bell struck somewhere overhead.

"Come, quick," said Marco. "That is the last bell. Have you got the money ready for the toll?"

"The toll," said Forester. "Do we pay the toll here?"

He said this just as he had got through the gate; and there he found, opposite to it, and very near, a sort of window, with a man standing at it, taking toll. There was a little counter before the man, upon the window-sill, where the people put down their toll. They did it very quick, and ran immediately in. Forester, who had not been accustomed to this hurried way of paying toll, did not have his money ready. In fact, he had no change at all, and after feeling a moment in his pocket to find silver change, in vain, he was obliged to take out his wallet and give the tollman a bill. The tollman gave him back the change in an indescribably short space, and then Forester and Marco hurried on. They passed in, and im-

The boat gone. Forester watches the boat.

mediately found themselves upon a sort of pier where Forester for the first time saw the water. At the same time his eyes fell upon the great steam ferry-boat, which was just sailing away from the pier.

"There," said Marco, "we have lost it. But never mind, there will be another boat coming in a minute."

"What a curious place for a ferry!" said Forester, looking around. Every thing seemed new and strange to him, but he was most interested, after all, in looking at the ferry-boat, which was gliding rapidly out between two rows of piles. These piles were driven down, through the water, into the ground, at the bottom of the river, and they formed a sort of passage-way through which the ferry-boats could pass out and in. The receding boat was very large. The engine and the machinery were in the center of it. On the sides, over the guards, were two large cabins, one for ladies on one side, and the other for gentlemen on the other. Between the machinery and these cabins, there were two open passages on the deck of the boat, which passages were now filled with carts and carriages that were to be ferried across to Brooklyn. There was also a great crowd of

men standing upon the deck of the boat, near the bows.

Very soon after this, the boat disappeared behind the masts of the shipping. In a minute or two Marco said,

"There comes the other boat!"

"Where?" asked Forester. "I don't see it."

Marco pointed among the maze of masts and spars which rose like a forest a little to the left of the place where he and Forester were standing, and showed the chimney of a steamboat slowly moving among them. It advanced very rapidly, and very soon the boat itself wheeled round into full view, and came sailing in between the rows of piles above referred to. There was a great crowd of men standing upon the bows of the boat, all ready to step on to the pier the moment that the boat came near enough. There was a chain put up across the end of the boat to prevent them from jumping too soon, and so falling into the water. They, however, did not pay much attention to the chain, but stepped over and jumped ashore, as soon as they had got within jumping distance.

"How fortunate it was that we were too late!" said Forester

The two spectacles. Description of a country ferry.

"What makes you think it was fortunate?" asked Marco.

"Why, we have seen two spectacles by means of it," replied Forester. "We have seen one boat go and another boat come."

"I don't think that that is any thing remarkable," said Marco.

It was remarkable in Forester's estimation, if not in Marco's. Forester had been accustomed to see a very different sort of operation in crossing ferries in Vermont and New Hampshire. There the solitary traveler comes down on horseback to the river brink, in some retired and rural situation, and standing on the sandy shore, under the shade perhaps of the willows which overhang the bank, he calls out, "FERRY AHOY!" to the boatman on the other side. In due time, the ferryman, with his assistant, comes forth from his house, and unfastening the boat steps into it; and the traveler, watching every movement, pretty soon sees the boat gliding off from the shore. He observes the glitter of the water, and hears the dip and dash of the oars. The boat advances slowly over the smooth expanse of the river, and at last arrives at the beach where the traveler is standing. The traveler then leads his horse carefu-

ly into the boat, and is then slowly ferried to the other side. This was the idea which Forester had of a ferry, and of course every thing connected with the crowded Fulton Ferry was a strange and novel spectacle for him.

While the crowds of men that had been standing upon the bows of the boat were stepping off upon the pier, and walking up, some men belonging to the ferry were employed in hooking two enormous chains to the bows of the boat, one at each corner—and then, by means of two powerful windlasses, one for each chain, they succeeded in drawing up the boat close to the pier, so that the carriages and horses could come off in safety. While they were thus coming off, Forester and Marco went on board the boat, in company with a large crowd of other persons,—men, women, and children—that had collected since the departure of the preceding boat. Forester was surprised that so many persons should collect in so short a time; but Marco told him it was no more than the usual number.

Presently the bell tolled again, the men unhooked the great chains, the engine began to move, the paddle-wheels revolved, and the boat slowly moved away. Several men came down

just too late to get on board, and so were left behind as Forester and Marco had been, and were compelled to wait till the next boat should come.

"Sometimes they run and jump," said Marco. "and fall into the dock."

"Do they?" asked Forester.

"Yes," said Marco. "*There* is a rope for them to catch hold of to save themselves from getting drowned."

So saying, Marco pointed to a rope drawn across at the foot of the pier which the ferry-boat had just left. The rope was just above the surface of the water. It was obviously exactly in the position for a man to seize hold of, who should have fallen into the water in attempting to jump after the boat.

"Besides that," said Marco, "they have a little ladder to let down for them to climb up by, and a boat-hook to hook into their clothes, and some cork floats to throw into them. But notwithstanding all those helps, sometimes they get drowned."

By this time the ferry-boat had got quite out into the stream, and Marco and Forester went forward to enjoy the spectacle. Forester gazed with new wonder on the long lines of shipping

which extended up and down the shores both on the New York and Brooklyn sides, and on the forests of masts which rose above them. Vessels were also sailing to and fro upon the river, and others were at anchor, seemingly exactly in the way. Forester wondered how the ferry-boat would be able to get across without coming into collision with some of them. At one time it seemed to him that a collision was almost inevitable; for a sloop, which was beating up the river, tacked, as it is called, that is turned in its course, and began to bear swiftly down directly across the course on which the ferry-boat was steering. The pilot of the ferry-boat immediately pulled a string which struck a little bell in the engineer's room. This was a signal to the engineer to stop the engine. The engineer obeyed this direction immediately. He stopped the engine, and the boat paused a moment in its course and allowed the sloop to go by.

The ferry-boat then went on, and very soon it reached the pier on the Brooklyn side. It went in between two rows of piles driven down into the bottom of the river, and which formed a sort of avenue to guide it in. The men on board the boat stepped over the chain when the

Landing at Brooklyn. The way to the yard.

boat was drawing near the pier,—as Forester had observed the passengers to do on the other side,—and then jumped across to the pier as soon as the boat was within jumping distance. Marco was going to do the same, but Forester held him back. The men on the pier hooked their chains to the great staples in the bows of the boat, one at each corner, as had been done on the other side, and then with their windlasses they drew the boat up close to the pier. Forester and Marco now walked safely off to the shore.

Forester stopped a moment to let Marco show him the ladder and the boat-hook and the cork floats, kept for the purpose of rescuing the people that should fall into the river in their foolish attempts to jump after the boat, and then he and Marco, walking up the pier, went out through a great gate, and found themselves in one of the streets of Brooklyn.

"Then this is Brooklyn," said Forester.

"Yes," said Marco.

"And how far is it now to the Navy Yard?" said Forester.

"About half a mile," said Marco. "It is right up this way."

The Navy Yard gate. The sentinel at the gate.

"Are you sure that you know the way?" asked Forester.

"Yes," replied Marco; "I have been there a great many times."

Marco was right in supposing that he should have no difficulty in finding the way. He conducted Forester along a street which extended to the northward, parallel to the river, and at length, after one or two turns, he came to the gate of the Navy Yard. The gate was very wide,—wide enough in fact to admit a street into the Navy Yard. By the side of the great gate there was a small gate, made for a sidewalk to pass through. Marco and Forester went in by the small gate, walking along upon the sidewalk. There was a soldier stationed at the great gate. He was walking back and forth with his gun in his hands like a sentinel. He looked at Marco and Forester as they passed, but he did not say any thing to them, and so Marco and Forester said nothing to him.

When Forester found himself within the yard, he was quite astonished at the appearances which presented themselves to view. A broad and handsome road conducted into the interior, and the grounds before him appear to extend so far, and were so full of roads, stores,

Cannons and piles of balls. Storehouses. House and garden.

offices, shops, and other edifices, that it seemed to Forester that they were entering a small town instead of a ship-yard. On each side of the entrance road, there was a plank sidewalk. Many persons were walking to and fro along these sidewalks. There were beautiful plats of ground beyond the sidewalks, with long rows of monstrous iron cannons on the grass, and pyramidal heaps of cannon-balls or bomb-shells, piled up in a very regular, symmetrical and beautiful manner.

Forester looked upon all these warlike tokens with great interest and curiosity, though Marco, who had seen them often before, did not pay much attention to them. He seemed disposed to press forward in order to get to the ships. As he passed along he called Forester's attention to various things which he supposed would interest him. There were large and costly looking shops and warehouses, and great wharves, and certain enormous buildings which seemed, as Forester said, to be all roof. Marco said that these were the houses under which they built the ships of war. In one part of the yard there was a very handsome dwelling-house surrounded with trees and shrubbery, and with a beautiful garden before it. It was the house

Ship of war at anchor. The little ferry.

where the commander of the station resided. There was another building near the center of the grounds which had a cupola upon it, giving the building the appearance of a small church or chapel. Marco said, however, that it was not a church, but a Museum. He said that there was a room in it which contained wonderful curiosities from all parts of the world.

Marco conducted Forester on beyond the Museum, and turning to the right they passed between rows of magnificent storehouses, until at length they came to the end of a pier, where they saw, off at a little distance upon the water, a ship of war riding at anchor. There was a square flat-bottomed boat passing back and forth from the pier to this ship of war, conveying soldiers and seamen, and parties of ladies and gentlemen that had come to see the yard. Marco led Forester to this boat, and they both got in and were soon ferried over.

The boat took them to a great platform which lay floating upon the water by the side of the ship. The side of the ship was so high that it was necessary to ascend quite a long staircase in order to get on board. Forester had never been on board a ship of war before, and he was much surprised at every thing that he saw there

The interior of the ship. The museum. The cannon-post.

Marco found one of the officers who was acquainted with his father and mother, and this officer conducted him and Forester around, and showed them every thing on board the ship.

After a time they bade the officer good-bye and came down the ladder to the platform again, where, after waiting a few minutes, the boat came and took them to the shore. They then went to see the Museum, and after spending about an hour in looking at the curiosities and the beautiful models of vessels that they saw there, they came out and then turned home. As they were coming out of the yard, Marco showed Forester a post formed by setting a cannon in the ground, with the muzzle upward. There was a very heavy cannon-ball put upon the top of it. The ball was kept in its place by resting partly in the mouth of the gun.

In returning to New York, Forester and Marco took another ferry-boat, by which they crossed the East river at a place above Fulton Ferry. They landed too in a different part of the city. Forester saw, on this second passage, a great number of ships building in the private ship-yards which were on the New York side of the river, opposite the great national Navy Yard, in Brooklyn. There was one ship in

sight from the ferry-boat, that seemed to be almost ready to be lanched. Forester said that he should like to see it lanched very much.

"Yes," said Marco, "a lanching is a great spectacle.'

CHAPTER XIII.

COMING TO AN UNDERSTANDING.

AN incident occurred on the last day that Forester and Marco spent in the city, which made each of them better acquainted with the other, in some important respects, than they had been before. It was as follows:

Forester was to dine at Mr. Baron's, at four o'clock, and then he was to take the boat at seven, to go up the North river. This arrangement was made in the morning, at twelve o'clock, when Forester called to bid Mrs. Baron good-bye, and to ask to have Marco sent down to the boat at six o'clock. But instead of allowing him to bid them good-bye at that time, Mrs. Baron insisted upon his coming to dine with them, saying that after dinner she would send them both to the boat in a carriage together.

Marco was standing by at this time, listening to the conversation. After making the arrangement with Forester, she put her hand upon Marco's head, and said, "And then, Marco, you

are really going. I am afraid I shall miss you sadly when you are gone."

"Why, mother," said Marco, "you have said a great many times that I am only a trouble to you."

"Have I?" said his mother. "I ought not to speak exactly so, ought I? But you know you do trouble me sometimes, Marco."

"Oh no, mother," said Marco, "it is you that trouble me."

Marco laughed as he said this, intending what he said as only a playful remark, without designing any thing disrespectful to his mother.

Now Marco, as is often the case with boys of his age, happened to have a tooth which was growing out of its place, there being another tooth in the way. This tooth ought to have been taken out, in order to make room for the new one.

But Marco would not have the tooth taken out. The case had often been a subject of discussion between him and his mother. She had tried to persuade him by all the arguments she could use. She represented to him how frightfully he would look when he was a young man, with a tooth growing out of its place, and looking like a tusk; but Marco was much more

sensitive to the present pain of having a tooth extracted, to make room for the one which was growing irregularly, than he was to the future and remote advantage of being a good-looking young man.

His mother had next tried bribes, or rather had promised rewards, which she said she would give him, if he would have the tooth extracted. She offered him a new rocking-horse, but he said he didn't want any more rocking-horses. Then she offered him a flageolet; he said he did not know how to play on a flageolet, but that if she would get him a drum,—a real, good drum, —perhaps he would have it out.

"Oh, Marco,—a drum!" said his mother. "I can not possibly have a drum in the house. Is not there any thing else but a drum?"

Marco said he would not have his tooth out for any thing but a drum, and there the negotiation had ended, a few days before Forester came.

Now, as Marco smiled in the conversation given above, his mother happened to observe this tooth again.

"O, now, there is that tooth," said she. "I wish, Forester, that you would contrive some way to persuade Marco to have that tooth

taken out. Open your mouth, Marco, and let cousin Forester look at it. I don't know but I should be willing to let you have a drum, rather than not have it taken out before you go away." Marco opened his mouth, and Forester examined the case.

"*That* seems to be the tooth," said he, "that ought to come out."

"Yes," said his mother, "and I wish we could get it out."

"Very well, madam," said Forester, "I will have it taken out if you wish."

"But Marco won't consent," said his mother. "I have tried every possible way to persuade him, but perhaps you can persuade him. I don't believe it would hurt him much, do you, cousin Forester?"

"It might," said Forester. "It has always hurt me a great deal when I have had a tooth extracted. However, I will have it taken out if you wish."

"But how can you, unless Marco will consent?"

"I should have it taken out without his consent," said Forester.

"How could you manage it?" said Mrs. Baron.

The Park Place dentist. His rooms.

"I don't know, precisely," said Forester, "but I should certainly have it effected if you wish it."

"Well," said Mrs. Baron, "we put him under your charge, and you must manage as you think best."

Nothing more was said upon the subject at this time, and soon afterward Forester left the house and went down in town to his hotel, to finish making preparations for his journey.

About two o'clock he rang at the door of a large and handsome house, not far from the Park. A colored man opened the door.

"Is the doctor in?" said Forester.

"Yes, sir," said the servant, and throwing the door open, he invited Forester to walk in.

He ushered Forester into a parlor, large and handsomely furnished. There was a table in the center of the room, covered with costly books and engravings. The servant asked Forester to take a seat there for a moment, until the doctor should be disengaged. Forester took his seat in a very large elbow chair covered with brown morocco, which was standing near the table, and began to look at the engravings. There was another parlor connected with the one in which Forester was sitting, by folding-

doors. One of the folding-doors was shut, but through the other Forester could hear voices in the room beyond. In a few minutes, however, the conversation there ceased. Some person appeared to go out, and the doctor himself appeared through the folding-doors. He bowed very politely to Forester, saying, "Walk in this way, sir, if you please."

Forester followed him into the other room. There was a large arm-chair, and near it a circular marble stand, the center of which was formed into a basin. On the other side of the chair was a cabinet of drawers, containing various instruments for operations upon the teeth.

As Forester entered the room he said to the doctor,

"I do not wish to detain you now, sir, but only to make an appointment to bring you a patient this afternoon, if it is convenient."

"Certainly," said the dentist, with a bow.

"This case is rather a difficult one, sir," said Forester. "I don't know whether you will be able to manage it."

"I don't know how that may be," said the dentist, with a smile; "we have managed some pretty difficult cases heretofore."

"It is a case of extraction," said Forester.

"Yes, sir," said the dentist. "And what leads you to expect any particular difficulty?"

"Why, sir, the fact is," said Forester, "that the patient is a young lad, and not very tractable; and the difficulty which I apprehend is, not in the extraction of the tooth, but in getting the mouth open."

"Oh!—ah!—yes, sir—I understand," said the dentist.

"I don't know whether you undertake cases of that kind," said Forester.

"Yes, sir," said the dentist, with a smile. "We generally prefer that the patient should open the mouth himself, but if there is any difficulty in that respect, we have the means of overcoming it; though it will not be quite so pleasant, you understand, for the young gentleman, as if we were favored with his voluntary co-operation."

"I suppose not," said Forester; "but that we can not help. What time shall we call?"

"What hour will suit your convenience, sir?" said the dentist.

Forester named six o'clock, and the dentist, after looking at his tablets to see what his engagements were in the afternoon, said that he would be ready to wait upon them at that time

Then Forester bade the gentleman good-morning, and went away.

At dinner Forester said that he should like to leave Mr. Baron's, in the carriage, at half-past five. Mrs. Baron said that that was an hour earlier than was necessary.

"For the boat," said she, "leaves at seven, does it not?—and half an hour will be time enough to drive down."

"True," said Forester, "but I have some business to attend to on the way; and then, besides, I want to be on board at least half an hour before the boat goes."

"Half an hour!" said Mrs. Baron; "why, what can you do all that time?"

"Why, I wish to get our baggage safely put away before the confusion commences; and after that I want to have time to sit down upon the promenade-deck and enjoy the spectacle."

"The spectacle," said Mrs. Baron; "what spectacle?"

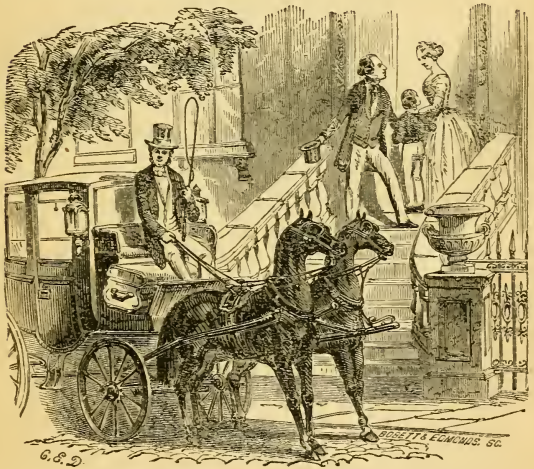
"The spectacle of a North river steamboat embarkation," said Forester.

"Do you call that a spectacle, cousin Forester?" said Mrs. Baron.

"Yes," said Forester; "and a very interesting one it is, too,—to me."

The carriage.

Mrs. Baron had no farther objection to Forester's going at the hour which he had named. The carriage was ordered accordingly, and when it came, Marco's trunk was carried out and put on before, under the seat of the driver.



THE DEPARTURE.

Mrs. Baron gave Marco a great many charges to be a good boy, and to obey his cousin Forester in all things. Forester was glad to have these charges given, though he was well aware that if he expected to exercise any real

authority over Marco, it would be necessary that he should lay a foundation for it himself, much more solid and sure than the influence of such injunctions from his mother.

At length Marco bade his father and mother good-bye. Mrs. Baron charged Forester to be sure to let them know if he was sick at any time, and to write as often as he could. Mr. Baron said that he should like to have Forester advise him once a month, regularly, in regard to Marco's health and progress in his studies. Then Forester and Marco got into the carriage and drove away.

They turned out of Broadway into one of the intersecting streets near the Park, and stopped at the door of the dentist.

Forester asked the coachman to ring at the door.

"What's here?" said Marco.

"I have got to go in here, a few minutes," said Forester, "and I want you to go in with me."

At this moment, the coachman, having rung the door bell, opened the carriage door and let down the steps for Marco and Forester to get out; and just as they got out and were crossing the sidewalk, the servant opened the house

door, and Marco followed Forester directly in. It was Forester's plan to have the door open before he and Marco should get upon the steps of it, and that was the reason why he directed the coachman to pull the bell before he let them out of the carriage. The reason why Forester formed this plan was, that the name of the doctor and the word "DENTIST" was upon the door, in gilded letters, under a glass plate,—and Forester was afraid that Marco, if he saw these words upon the door, might refuse to go in. Though he was fully resolved to employ force, so far as it might be necessary, to accomplish the object, he wished to avoid having any difficulty on the public sidewalk.

Forester and Marco were ushered into the front parlor. A moment afterward the dentist appeared at the folding-doors, and asked them to walk into the other room.

"Take a seat there, Marco," said Forester, pointing to the great chair.

Marco was very much surprised, but he obeyed instinctively. He gazed around the room a moment, and perceived at once that it was a dentist's apartment, and he looked upon the array of instruments upon the cabinet, in dismay.

"Come, my brave lad," said the dentist, "open your mouth and let us look at that tooth that is to come out."

"No," said Marco, "I'm not going to have it out." So saying, he set his teeth together firmly, and jumping down from the chair, he ran off to one side of the room.

"You will want some assistance, sir," said Forester to the dentist.

"Yes, sir," said the dentist, "we are all ready." So saying, he went to the door of an adjoining room, and made a signal. Immediately two young men came into the room, with a polite but resolute air. They were the dentist's students.

The dentist opened one of the drawers of his cabinet, looking at Marco while he did it, and saying in a pleasant tone of voice, "Now, my lad, I have got some instruments here, by which, with the help of these gentlemen," pointing to the students, "I can open any mouth that ever was shut; but then, after all, though my instruments are excellent,—very excellent,—still, you can open your mouth more easily without them than I can with them."

"Yes, Marco," said Forester, "the tooth

must come out, and it will be a great deal better for you, and pleasanter for us all, if you will submit to it without making any difficulty."

There was a moment's pause after this, during which Marco had time to reflect that resistance on his part was utterly idle, and he at once resolved that, since he must submit, he would submit like a man. So he walked directly to the chair, took his seat, put his feet upon the upper step of a cricket, four stories high, which was placed there to receive them, and opened his mouth wide.

"That is the tooth, sir," said Forester, pointing.

"Yes, sir," said the dentist.

In less than a minute the instrument was applied, the tooth was extracted, and Marco was released from the chair.

"Did it hurt you much, Marco?" said Forester.

"Yes," said Marco, "some; but I don't care for that."

"He's a brave fellow, after all," said the dentist.

Forester paid the bill, and bade the dentist good-afternoon; and then he and Marco went out by a side door into the entry, while the

dentist went to call another patient, through the folding-doors, from the front parlor.

By this incident, Marco and Forester, as has already been said, became better acquainted, each with the other, than they had been before. Forester learned that Marco, though insubordinate and unmanageable under a lax government, was very easily to be brought under control by an efficient and resolute hand; and Marco learned that, though Forester was very unassuming and gentle in his manners, he was going to be firm and decisive in his government. He was convinced, once for all, that it would be utterly useless for him in future to attempt to resist his cousin's will. He liked him the better for this, as those who must be under authority are always better pleased to have the authority decided and firm.

When Forester and Marco came out from the door of the dentist's to the street, the attention of both of them was suddenly called to the sound of martial music. It seemed to come round the corner of the next street.

"What is that?" said Forester.

"It is a company out," said Marco, "I suppose. Let us go and see."

"Well," said Forester.

The company. The target. They go to the boat.

So leaving the carriage where it was, Forester and Marco hurried down the street a little way to the corner, and there, on turning the corner, they saw a band of music coming up the street, followed by a gayly dressed military company, and attended by quite a crowd of men and boys.

"They have been on a target excursion," said Marco. "There's the target."

Forester looked where Marco pointed, and he saw the target in the air, near the middle of the company. It was held up by one of the men. It was full of the holes which the men had made in it with the bullets of their guns, and it was covered with garlands of flowers. After a while this gay spectacle passed by.

"Now we will go," said Forester.

So Marco and Forester returned to the carriage, and rode down Broadway toward the steamboat landing, at the foot of Courtland-street, better pleased with each other than they had ever been before; and thus pursuing their journey, they went and took passage on board the steamboat. In a very short time the steamboat was plowing her way up the river at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

Forester was sorry to leave New York. He

had been very much interested in the various objects which Marco had shown him there. He now, however, began to turn his thoughts to his future plans. He was pleased with having so intelligent a pupil under his care, and he anticipated much pleasure in the various tours which he expected to make in Marco's company.

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